

Silent Worker

FALL NUMBER

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth." —Dionysius.

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THE RED MAN OF TO-DAY

*Interesting Observations on the Present-Day Indian's Mental and Commercial Progress, as Well as His Moral and Physical Deterioration---
Tragic Story of an Old Indian, Whose Parents Died That
He might Live*

By CLARENCE S. CROSS



Sound Asleep in an Indian Cradle



A Chief



Indian Girl in Birch-bark Canoe. Leech Lake Reservation, Minnesota.

Clarence S. Cross, the writer of this story, made his acquaintance with the Indians while at work for three years in the mining section of Minnesota along the Canadian border.



EW people who have not had the privilege of coming in contact with or investigating conditions among the Indians of today can realize the degree of rapidity with which they have advanced generally within the last quarter century. This condition is most marked among the Chippewa or Ojibwa tribe, with which I am the most familiar. The National Government has left little or nothing undone which would tend to improve conditions among the red man. Mentally and commercially, the Indian has made rapid strides. This cannot be said of them, however, in a moral or physical sense. In the latter respect though, they are not wholly responsible. Prior to their association with the white race, little or no vice or immorality was known to exist among the Chippewa tribe. But with the coming of American and French-Canadian settlers in their country came a lowering of their moral and physical status.



White Earth Heart Smashes

As we all know, general conditions, together with governmental restrictions, have caused a great change in the environment of the red man. During the winter months, the Chippewa of today lives in a crudely constructed log cabin, instead of a wigwam the year around, as did his forefathers. Owing to this change, it is a recognized fact that a large percentage of Indians

die from tuberculosis. This is largely due to the fact that most all of these dwellings are of one-story, and consist of only one room. This serves as a kitchen, dining room, living room and bed room. The room is kept very hot at all times and is poorly ventilated. Possibly six of eight may sleep in this room. Should there be one tubercular occupant, who was not particular where he or she expectorated, they necessarily communicated the infection to others living with them. It must also be considered that the Indian, naturally, is of a very uncouth disposition. The dirt and filth which I have seen in some of the cabins was positively sickening and could not be endured by the average white person under any circumstance.

Earning Their Livelihood

It is fortunate, however, that the Indians are partially thrown upon their own resources, for it compels them to seek some vocation, and this takes them from their place of abode during the day time at least. Nature has provided in a unique manner, means for these people to become self-supporting, if they so desire, instead of living upon the annuity received from the Government. During the winter months many of the males make a good living by hunting deer, moose, rabbits, and partridge; by trapping mink, skunk, otter, fishes, lynx, wolf, red and silver fox, and an occasional bear. Others prefer working in



Just an Old Pagan Chipewa in Full Dance Costume. Pine Point, White Earth Reservation.

the various logging camps and sawmills in the surrounding country.

During the deep snows of the winter, the Indian uses snow shoes as a means of travel. This season usually extends from November until April. It is an ordinary occurrence to find snow eight to ten feet deep in the heart of the forest. The woods, of course, would be impassable to the human without the aid of snow shoes or skis. The frames of the snow shoes are made of elastic wood, and the webbing of strings of moosehide, which forms the best resistance, and carries them without sinking into the snow.

Practically all Indian reservations are located on lakes, and in the summer time they fish by setting their nets in the lakes, and travel here and there for a distance of fifty miles in their birch bark canoes, erecting their tepees wherever their fancy dictates a good stopping place. It can be seen that the active and outdoor life led by the red man would be preferable and most enjoyable to many of the white race. It might be of interest to state that the bark canoe of the Chippewa is, perhaps, the most beautiful and lightest model of any water craft that has ever been invented. They are generally made complete with the rind of one birch tree and so ingeniously shaped and sewed with the roots of the tamarack, which they call "coat-taps," that they are watertight. They are extremely light, the average not weighing more than 20 pounds. When afloat they gracefully lean and dodge about, under the skillful balance of the Chippewa. I have seen several white men who were not experienced equilibrists attempt to paddle a birch bark canoe, with the result that they were surprised to find themselves "overboard" before they could realize what had happened. Birch is also used by the Chippewa in constructing his wigwam for summer use. It is built in a fashion best calculated to ward off wind and rains. The majority of the present day wigwams present a cone-like appearance.

Religious Belief Changed

While many adhere to some of the old Indian superstitions, there are only a very few Ojibwas whose conceptions or belief in the hereafter has

not undergone a very marked change. This is due largely to the efforts of missionaries and the Indians' almost constant contact with the white. It is extremely difficult to find individuals among most of our tribes who can give us any clear conception of the Indians' religious belief. The Navajos, who are possibly the least advanced, preserve much of the original religion. This is attributed to the fact that this tribe has been practically remote from contact with the whites.

There are also scattered tribes or bands of other Indians who keep up, to a greater or lesser degree, their religious beliefs and resort to the white men's ministers and doctors only under compulsion. While this is true, the bulk of our tribes, especially the Ojibwas, have adopted the God of our Bible, and recognize his opposite, the Evil Spirit.

Carrying The Baby

During my several trips into the various Ojibwa reservations, of which there are nine, in the State of Minnesota, one of the customs still adhered to and which amused me most was the carrying of the papoose (baby) in its cradle. In its infancy the child has its back lashed to a straight board, being fastened by bandages which pass around the body in front. On the back of the board they are tightened to the necessary degree by lacing strings. The feet of the papoose rests upon a broad hoop, which passes around the foot of the cradle. The baby is wrapped in sort of a plush material which is curiously decorated and ornamented according to Indian taste.

It is contended that this fashion of carrying their young holds them in a straight and healthy condition. A broad hoop passes around in front



Old Pine Point Indian in Dance Regalia

under the bandages, so as to protect them should the cradle fall. The child is usually carried in this manner until it is from five to seven months old. The spirit of devotion shown by squaws toward their young is in many instances greater than that manifested by some white women. If the infant should die during the time that is allotted for it to be carried in this cradle, the child is buried and the disconsolate mother fills the cradle with black quills and feathers. She then carries it in this way wherever she goes for about one year, during which time the cradle is handled with as much care as if the infant were alive and in it.

Cripple's Sad Story

On the other hand, the Indian children are also deeply devoted to their parents. During one of my trips to the White Earth reservation, I noticed a middle-aged Indian who had lost both legs at the knee and walked with great difficulty. On Sundays he arrayed himself in his best garments and strapped to his knees two cork legs on the feet of which he wore laced shoes. He managed to walk fairly well when he had on what he called his "white man's legs." He told me his name was Mahee-gonce, or Little Wolf. I asked how he happened to lose his feet and he told me a remarkable story of his own suffering and the sacrifice on the part of his grandfather. The following narrative told me in his own way reveals only one instance of great suffering and hardship suffered by them in the early 50's:

"When I was about one years old, I happened to be in a camp with my parents near Crow-wing Minnesota. At this place there were several wigwams in which lived thirty or more Indians. One of the head men called us together and announced that he would move the camp to a place called Hackensack. Some of the older Indians did not wish to go there, as it was bitter cold, it was snowing heavily, and we were comfortably located. But Say-kash-e-gay, the head man, started in one direction with the main party and my mother, grandmother and grandfather and myself went in another direction. Grandfather said that game was very scarce and food short in the Hackensack region, and that he thought he could take us to a small lake where he would be

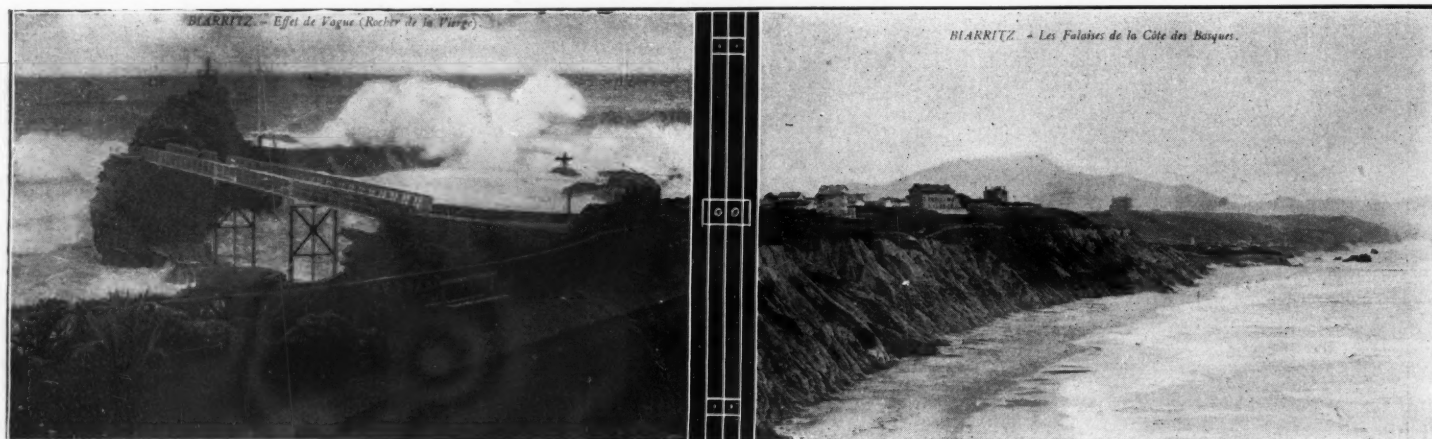


Jim Bassett, one of the Head Men at Pine Point on the White Earth Reservation. This does not mean a "Head Hunter," but a Leader.

of the child's face to protect it in case of a fall. Many squaws who still cling to the ancient Chippewa superstitions, hang the ni-ahkust-ahg, or umbilicus, on the hoop for its supernatural protection. If it be necessary for the squaw to travel on horseback, she fastens the child's arms

FROM THE OLD WORLD

Written Specially for the SILENT WORKER by Mdle. Yvonne Pitrois



BIARRITZ—The Rock of the Virgin.

BIARRITZ—The Seashore and the Palaces.

22d Letter. A Holiday Tour in War Time.
(August 1915)

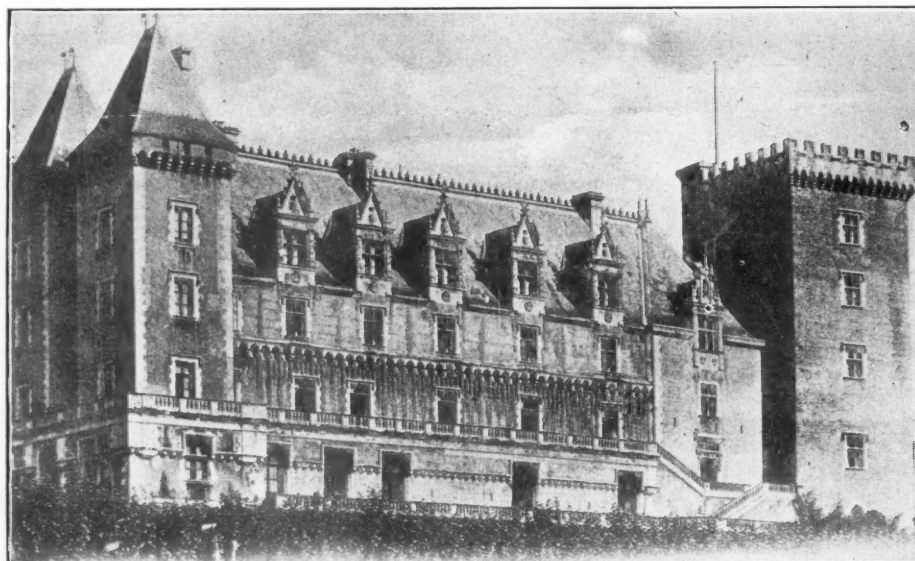
HOLIDAYS! In these terrible, anxious war times, there is a word that is nearly driven out of all, or nearly all the European idioms! And it would not have been any "holidays" at all for us, during this sad month of August, 1915, had not my mother (a Red-Cross nurse) been asked to go and see a wounded officer in Biarritz. We took the opportunity to visit a few places in the Pyrenees region, and were back to our Bordeaux home after six days travelling. An account of this short trip will perhaps be of interest to my American friends, specially to the ones that may know some of the places we visited.

On the first day, early in the morning we left Bordeaux and, during four hours, the railway carried us away amidst the wide-open country almost desert, of les Landes (the Moors) with its uncultivated soil where grow in promiscuous order ill-weeds, brushwood, heather, wild flowers, furze, pine trees. Many, many of the trees have been pulled up by a recent and terrible storm, and lay upside down, the branches and trunks broken, the roots up in the air. In places it is a desolate sight, and, as the thoughts and hearts are always and always anxiously turned towards the raging war, it reminds one of a battlefield covered by dead corpses! It is in this poor, savage country that, several centuries ago, was born and grew up one of the best and sweetest French Saints,—the Apostle of Mercy, Saint Vincent de Paul. He was the son of humble peasants. His birthplace, one of the smallest stations hidden amongst the wilderness, bears this touching and tender name: "Berceau de Saint Vincent de Paul" ("Cradle of St. Vincent de Paul"). We passed Dax, a town of certain importance, where people sick with rheumatism come to have mud baths and hot baths in the

falls of boiling waters. And then came the first halt of our trip, Bayonne. Bayonne is a little southern town, with quaint old buildings and pretty new districts, pleasant to see but not specially interesting. A drive of one hour allow one to see the three chief curiosities of the place, the bridge, the cathedral and the castle. The beautiful bridge of the Holy Spirit commands a fine view on the river Adour and the town with the blue line of the chain of the Cyrenees Moun-

minutes to Biarritz, through a lovely road shadowed by big trees and bordered with pretty cottages and villas. Unfortunately many of the trees have been torn down by the storm; and, owing to the other storm,—the awful storm of the war,—almost all the gay-looking cottages have their gates and doors and shutters closed, and are adorned with the melancholy board: "To let!"

Suddenly the train stops at Biarritz,—and we can hardly withhold an outcry of delight and wonder:—oh! how grand! Before us, the wide, deep sea spread out infinitely, with its long waves as blue as sapphire, topped with silvery foam. Here and there on the dazzling space, resplendent in the sun, start up black rocks assailed by the foaming waves. As every one knows, Biarritz is one of the most famous seaside resorts of Europe; it owes its celebrity both to its unique natural beauty, and to the riches and luxury of its beach. The French Emperor Napoleon III and his wife, Empress Eugenia, Queen Victoria of England and after her her son, King

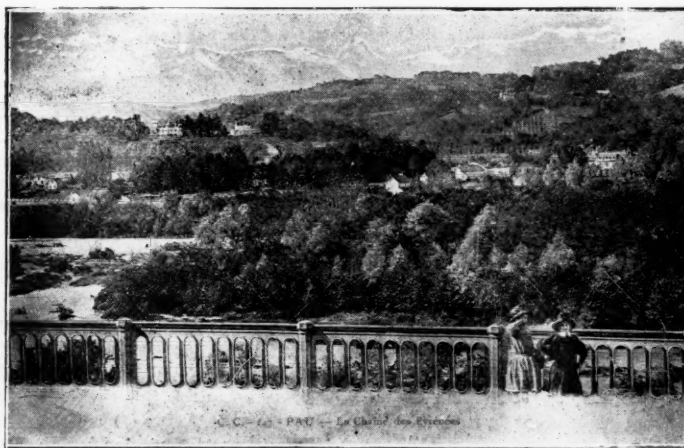


PAU—The Castle where Henry the Fourth was Born.

Edwards in the distance; the old cathedral has beautiful sculptures of the thirteenth century, richly coloured glass panels and impressive paintings in fresco on a golden ground, representing the Life of St. Martin, by a French artist Mr. Steinhil, who was tragically and mysteriously murdered a few years ago. Lastly, the old castle reminds one of the historical persons who slept between its thick walls,—several kings and heroes of France, a romantic queen of Spain, and others. A house facing the castle was inhabited for a while by Napoleon the first. Let us remember, too, that Bayonne was during the Revolution, the birthplace and the godmother of the terrible weapon,—the bayonet,—that is just now playing such a bloody part in the great war!

After our hurried visit to Bayonne, with our wounded officer, who had come to meet us, we took a tram car which brought us in a few

Edward VII, were extremely fond of the place; they came there nearly every year; splendid palaces were built for them and their court, villas and hotels were erected all along the border of the shore and form a royal crown to it. Usually at this time of the year, there would be a Cosmopolitan crowd of rich and noble strangers, a display of smartly dressed people and an interrupted series of fetes, hunting parties and regattas. But on the contrary, the wide beach is nearly deserted, the hotels and palaces quite empty. A few groups of children are playing on the sand, but very quietly black-gowned and black-veiled ladies are knitting for the soldiers (alas! the second winter campaign is going to begin soon!) and invalid men in military attire,—poor dear heroes! a few months ago full of the joy and strength of their young manhood, now crippled, amputated, one-legged or one-armed, are slowly



PAU—The chain of the Pyrenees from the Boulevard.



BIARRITZ—View on the mountains; the Spanish frontier.

walking to and fro with the help of crutches, or seated on the benches of the beautiful terrace shadowed by tamarisks commanding the immensity they contemplate with a pensive gaze the coming tide. How sad they look in their musing! Do they remember the human tide of the threatening enemies they have seen rushing towards them in the horrors of the assaulting battles? As the sea is coming forth wave upon wave, do they anticipate the future,—year upon year coming and passing by, and leaving them infirm and helpless till their last day?

There are several ambulances of the Red-Cross organized in the fashionable hotels and palaces of Biarritz. One of them, the Russian ambulances shelters a dozen French wounded soldiers; this ambulance has been founded by the little Crown prince of Russia who pays for it with his pocket-money! Useless to say if the inmates are proud to call themselves "the wounded men of the Czarewitch!"

With our own wounded officer—who is only slightly lame,—we walked along the shore till we reached the famous sunken rock surrounded with a statue of the Virgin, and united to the coast by a pier. During the bad season, the wild waves are said to entirely submerge the statue of the Virgin. The rock itself is a terrible danger, as well as the other reefs surrounding it; one of them is adorned with a cross in white stone, that seems so small, so desolate among the rushing waves! It is a memorial of a dreadful catastrophe that happened some twenty years ago, the shipwreck of *La Surprise*. This vessel, coming from a long and safe voyage was caught by a storm in the point of landing, thrown and broken on the ridge a few cables' length off the coast from safety! Hundreds of people were collected on the beach, crying, calling, praying, following in horror and despair the vicissitudes of the tragedy; but the sea was too terrible, the winds and waves so fierce, that it was impossible to come to the rescue of the wrecked; one by one, the unfortunate men were swallowed up in the abyss of the storm. The following days, fifty dead bodies were thrown back by the tide,—all of them entirely devoured by the sea-toads!

The view of the ocean is splendid from the Rock of the Virgin; on the right, the shore of fine and silvery sand displays itself in all its beauty, while on the left, appears the chain of the Pyrenees, with its escarpments and peaks coloured by the sunset of the most translucent and exquisite tints of blue, pink and lilac. But to have a still better view of the mountains, one must go, as we have done, towards the Coast of the Basques, a gigantic cliff always assailed by the waves; there one is facing the two marvels of the divine Maker,—the infinity of the ocean, the majesty of the mountains, and really, one cannot say which of the two is the most solemn, the most great!

While on the Coast of the Basques, I saw in

the distance the first spurs of the Spanish Pyrenees, and I sent forth through the space a silent, friendly greeting to the deaf of the other side of the frontier,—from the seven-year old little royal Prince to the humblest and poorest of all!

After this long and most interesting walk, our companion bid farewell to us, and we went to take a well-deserved rest in a hotel facing the sea, where there is room for nearly one hundred inmates, but where were only ten or twelve travellers, among whom were two American gentlemen and a charming Russian young lady with her mother.

The following day,—the second of our trip,—we rose early to go farther to the Coast of the Basques, and had a most lovely hour close by the sea, in the bracing air and the glorious light of the morning! Then we wandered across the pretty and smart streets and avenues of Biarritz, till we reached the villa of kind friends who had invited us to dinner. We spent a part of the day very pleasantly with them. Then a member of the family accompanied us to Bayonne, where we reached the railway station just in time to take the train for our next stage,—Pau, the ancient chief city of the old province of Bearn, the wintering resort so much frequented,—in happier and better days!—by the English and Russian aristocracy. We made the journey without incident. In the car next to our own, young soldiers going to the front were singing, laughing and merrily chatting. Just now in France, soldiers are the only persons that are allowed to be gay! But how sad for others is the brave gaiety of these young men of twenty,—all of them probably condemned to death! Perhaps at the moment I write these lines there is not any one of our companions of this journey left living!

Four hours by train brought us to Pau,—a most pleasant looking city, with its terraces facing the railway station and its beautiful historical castle proudly predominating the town. After vain search,—the pension recommended to us being raised as a result of the war,—we succeeded in finding a good Family House, not far from the beautiful park called the Winter Garden, and before the closing of the day we had still the time to go and have a walk in it. It is full of beautiful trees and flowers, and being on very high ground, it commands a splendid view of the mountains, that were so sweet in the peaceful twilight! While we silently, almost reverently admired them, an aeroplane was slowly flying and fluttering in the sky far above our heads far above the highest mountains. It was one of the sentries of the space who incessantly are guarding our frontiers, and it seemed to tell us: "Be quiet; I watch over you all; I watch over France!"

The third day of our trip was entirely spent in Pau; it was market day, and we were very interested to see the goods exposed for sale in the streets by the peasants and mountaineers. We

did some shopping, went by the electric train in the open country close by the town, and visited the castle. It contains beautiful old furniture and tapestries and some historical relics, but it is not to be compared with the lovely unequalled castles of Touraine,—these companions of my childhood and youth. In the castle of Pau, the Calvinist Queen Joan of Albert lived and gave birth to her son, the future Henry the Fourth; we saw the cradle of the baby prince, made out of a gigantic tortoise-shell! Henry IV was perhaps the most popular king of France. On the Royal Place, the chief one of Pau, his statue has been erected with this inscription: "Lou noustre Henric," which affectionately means in the Bearnaise idiom: "Our own Henry." This place, as the Winter Garden, has a beautiful view of the mountains. But to have an idea of the munificent position of Pau, one must follow the Boulevard of the Pyrenees, several miles long,—an esplanade entirely bordered with a balustrade of white stone, overhanging an unique panorama; a deep valley dotted with villages, country houses and castles, woods and vineyards, watered by the "gave" (river) of Pau which meanders in the plains and in the distance, the chain of the mountains displaying itself for a length of one hundred kilometers! The great French poet Lamartine wrote about this landscape: "There is the most splendid scenery of mountains on earth, as the bay of Naples is the most splendid scenery of sea existing." Marble tablets affixed upon the balustrade of the Boulevard indicate the names of the principal mounts and peaks opposite, their distance and their altitude. Most of them are from 2,500 to 3,000 meters in height. It is so fascinating that one would like to spend a whole day there, to study the marble maps, to try to recognize the far-away summits!

But our third day came to an end, and we regained our Family House to take a rest, and to leave early in the following morning for a visit to the Holy place of Roman Catholicism: Lourdes!

(To be concluded)

YVONNE PITROIS.

90, rue de Marseille, Bordeaux, France.

Method is essential, and enables a larger amount of work to be got through with satisfaction. "Method," said Cecil (afterward Lord Burleigh), "is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." Cecil's despatch of business was extraordinary; his maxim being, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once."—*Samuel Smiles*.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,

Or grasp the ocean with my span,

I must be measure'd by my soul:

The mind's the standard of the man.—*Dr. Watts*.

CALIFORNIA

By MRS. ALICE T. TERRY



THE *St. Paul Pioneer Press* of September 10, says that the Minnesota Association of the Deaf, recently convened there, protested "against the public exhibition of certain trained semi-mutes as examples of what the oral method can accomplish."

It adds that such practice tends to create false hopes in the breasts of fond parents or relatives of deaf children.

I wish that every State Association might adopt similar resolutions—not to frustrate the ambitions of the Oralists so much as to protect our multitude of helpless, uneducated children against this very easy method of deception practiced upon them, their parents and the public. For the benefit of those hearing subscribers, of which this paper has a growing list (prominent, influential men and women in the social and business world) I am going to make some long-deferred comment in regard to the

ANNIE SULLIVAN MACY—HELEN KELLER LECTURE TOURS.

It was Barnum, the great circus man, who said that the public loves to be humbugged. He who had spent the best years of his life in world-wide travel—he knew. He witnessed many "miracles," to be sure. But he did not stop there. Instead, he investigated for the truth, which in every novel situation is more or less hidden. He was rewarded, and his discoveries soon led him to the above conclusion, that the public loves to be humbugged. Then, like as not, he set about humbugging it too, with "miraculous" returns financially. It is not necessary for me to comment here on the returns of the Macy-Keller Lectures. The newspapers have emblazoned the profits in enormous figures.

As Miss Keller is deaf and gained her education thru the self-same manual method (excepting braille) that we did, we feel quite a natural interest in her. But in most every city where she has stopped we have not been privileged to meet her, personally, to interest her in our cause. Therefore the best that we can say is that we do not know her, except for what we read about her. I sincerely hope that she will yet condescend to form a real acquaintance with us.

But, meanwhile, would it not be just as well for our State Associations to go further and protest at the public exhibition of blind, deaf and mute persons doing so-called "fluent speaking and lip-reading" on the public platform?

Such we have had in the Macy-Keller Lecture Tours. And it is safe to say no public demonstration ever worked greater injury to the deaf as a class. Every deaf educator that I have talked with admits this. Every other person, deaf or hearing, who understands admits it, too. Whether or not the public could understand Miss Keller's difficult articulation—it really didn't matter, for they were so moved with compassion, so wrought up at the vocal "Miracle" of the famous girl as to suffer partial paralysis of reason. Under such an impression, the public would naturally surmise, "Now, if such a person, blind, deaf and mute has learned to talk and read the lips, how much easier it must be for just deaf-mutes, blessed with sight, to do the same." And so the harm is done! The wrong impression spreads and spreads. The public forgets, or does not know, that Miss Keller was NOT educated by the Oral Method. Nor can other deaf-mute children receive even a fair amount of knowledge by that one single method.

Only as the public is spurred on to some simple investigation can it forever learn the truth.

It is said that we do not appreciate our great men until after they are gone. Several reasons for this are given; perhaps the least selfish being that while they live we are so close to them as to render them a bit commonplace, not much wiser or better

than the rest of us. It is also said, by way of comparison, that properly to appreciate the mountain we must view it at a distance. Then, no sooner have our great men passed away than we at once realize the chasm—the distance that separate us from them. And we begin to feel, to appreciate their greatness as we never did before.

What is true of men is also quite true of things,—big events, in particular. In this instance, I refer to that notable, historical event, our recent N. A. D. Convention. Now, I am not going to write another story, but I am going to tell about some more interesting people who were there. Incidentally, I will relate the post-convention period in California. Had I been asked to render my account immediately after the close of that Congress I am afraid I would have produced a story a bit commonplace. Then,



Canadian Boys and American Girls at Muir Woods.



Mr. Runde, throwing sod on the C. A. D. tree planted by the Nads at Berkeley, California.

don't blame me if I say that what I wanted, what I needed, was distance to lend enchantment to the scene.

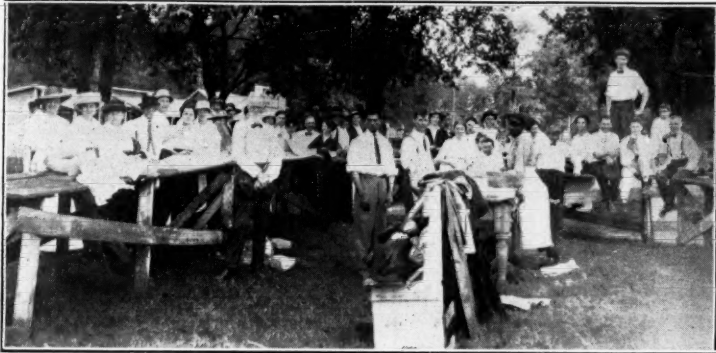
On July 26th, we left San Francisco on the Steamship *Congress* for home. A large number of the convention delegates were also leaving for Los Angeles. Many of them, especially those from the middle States, realized to their sorrow that their transcontinental round-trip tickets had not been made to include this voyage down the Pacific. I remember that when we lived back East the prevailing household grumble among ourselves and our neighbors was the fickleness of the weather,—extreme heat, extreme cold, protracted dry or wet spells, &c. Out here it is different. We have no cause for such habitual abuse of the climate. But let our former Easterner spend a few hours now and then at sea and something akin to this old discomfort will spring up again when he witnesses the sudden, unaccounted-for changes in water, atmosphere and sky. Nowhere else do the elements blend so completely into such a solid, harmonious, sympathetic oneness as at sea. If the sky is clear and joyous, so are its associates,—the waves, the atmosphere, the sun or moon (whichever it may be) the ship and the people, of course, provided they are not all sea-sick. At unawares the scene is liable to shift. All at once

the air may become heavy with fog, and sky and water will instantly, obediently, change to a dull, deadening gray. Even a ship close by will appear shadowy, ghostly.

As I was saying, we sailed on the above date at 4:00 P. M., under ideal weather conditions. One of the attractions of these coastwise steamers is their excellent tables. So I was glad to find, on embarking, that dinner would be served early at five o'clock. I had purposely fasted since breakfast at 7:00 A. M., that day. Promptly on time the first table bell sounded (I did not hear it, I saw it) and there was a rush for the dining-room. For some reason dinner was not quite ready, and a chain across the entrance passage held us back for twenty minutes. While we stood there wedged into a heap, filling the twin stairways to the dining-room, and the surrounding corridors as well, the sea changed, or the weather shifted. The big *Congress* began a series of violent rollings. It was so sudden to be almost unbelievable. It is true, nevertheless. Some people like that word *rolling*, but I don't. I think *see-sawing* is more appropriate. Our dinner crowd good-naturedly endured this new caprice of the deep, which persistently threw us off our feet backward and forward against one another. Unlike the other ships I had been on we here found individual or family tables. So the four of us, papa, mamma, and two little boys, had a table to ourselves under one of those picturesque windows, called port-holes. The first to grab the menu card was the older boy, aged nine. This was as I had expected. For on the other ship, the *President*, going up to the World's Fair City, he had at each meal insisted on ordering his portion first, even to the extent of using my pad and pencil to do so. I objected only to the latter, insisting that as he could hear he should give his orders orally like other people did, while poor mamma must write hers. But he choose to pay not the slightest heed to my command, to the intense amusement of the two spinster school teachers at the same table opposite us.

But this time, before he could think of reaching for my pad and pencil he threw the menu card down in disgust. Sea-sick? Yes, that was it. That nausea spread like a contagion and his little brother succumbed also. Together they scurried away from the sight and smell of food. Just then I had the weakness to loose my appetite also and might have left the table had it not been for the poet. He ridiculed my tendency to sea-sickness, and demonstrated by hearty eating and jovial talk that this was the very time to enjoy life. Bravely I sipped my black coffee and remained. All the time the boat kept up her excellent see-sawing, altho the weather had shifted again and the sun was shining brightly. From the port-holes on each side of the dining-room we saw to advantage the arc described by the ship's motions,—one moment we were going up, up into the very zenith of the skies, next moment we were descending, down, down into the depths of the sea.

On leaving the table we expected to find the little boys somewhere on deck, playing and making friends, but, on the contrary, we found them both snugly in bed. What a long evening that was! To be sure there were plenty of people to talk to; there was card-playing, also dancing and promenading in the moonlight. But somehow to me things seemed strangely quiet. Even the noise or vibrations of the machinery was scarcely perceptible. What I missed was the curious prattle of my older boy which I had so enjoyed on the going trip. At frequent intervals he had ejaculated thus, "O, mamma, I just love the *President*! It is the largest boat, isn't it? I know it is—it is the finest?—and the fastest?—and the best, and the nicest? I just know it is! It could not sink, could it? I do not believe it could, do you? The other ships are not like it, I know they are not, the *President* is the best of all—I just love



THE BIG FEED—Birmingham Picnic Party.



BOATING PARTY—Picnic of Birmingham Deaf May, 1915.

the President!" And so saying away he would dart on another tour of inspection of the huge vessel, returning always with ever-increasing enthusiasm to say, "I just love the President!" &c.

The Los Angeles deaf were out in their characteristic gleeful spirits and gala attire to receive the body of visiting delegates from the Convention. Very few out of the Southern Metropolis' big deaf population had availed themselves of the pleasures and benefits of the Convention. Therefore the stay-at-homes had well fortified themselves with reserve energy for the three whole strenuous days of pure social enjoyment with their visitors. It was indeed a beautiful affair—a great success socially, a credit to the Committee whose goal, PLEASURE, was entirely unimpeded with questions or vexations of any serious nature, whatever.

Among those who lingered the longest and likewise benefited most by our matchless coast summer was that gentle, mild-spoken Mrs. Augusta K. Barrett, of Council Bluffs, Iowa. I had the pleasure of her company for a few days, and I think those were the most restful days of my whole vacation. For Mrs. Barrett is a woman who does not waste words; on the other hand she has the unique habit of talking in a way that ought to be a balm, a restorative to anybody. For, truly it can be said that we live in a day when everybody and everything is in too much hurry.

Further back, I was talking about the enchantment which distance has lent to the Convention. Much as I would like to, I will not by any means be able to eulogize every man and woman there—for which I can only entreat their forgiveness.

The rich distinction of *Father* has already been awarded to the genial *Journal* editor. I am not going to let any one else share that honor with him.

Of the ladies,—I don't think I ever met a more

who analyzed her as a "perfectly motherly woman," also.

To those of us who are making the management of deaf schools a study, a certain act of the Rochester Board of Directors last June struck us a very pleasant shock. This was the unprecedented act of presenting one of its deaf teachers, Mr. Clayton McLaughlin, with \$300.00 for vacation. By this the Board demonstrated their appreciation of him and his exceptional ability as teacher. Let us hope that other Boards will follow the example of Rochester.

In a good many respects Mr. McLaughlin and the N. A. D. Secretary, Mr. Arthur L. Roberts, are strikingly similar. Both are gentlemanly in the extreme, both are reserved without any pretense at exclusiveness, and about them both is that admirable air of deep learning and mature judgment. But this need not create the impression that they lack humor. As a party of us were returning to the hotel one evening, Mr. McLaughlin greeted us with the startling news, "It is no longer Hotel Dale. It is Fort Dale." A sort of vague fear overtook me. Under what circumstances had the N. A. D. headquarters suddenly changed into a fort? Entering the lobby, we found it filled with boy scouts who had come merely as delegates to some convention of their own!

The tallest man in the Convention was that smiling, radiant Mr. Walter Glover, of South Carolina. His towering bulk was a disappointment to no one save to that tallest Californian, Mr. L. C. Williams, who had prayed all along that no one might appear to steal the lofty distinction from him. There was nothing like Mr. Glover's cheerfulness; and it was notable that little midgets, like me for instance, did not in the least mind to stand and converse with him at close range.

Then there was that bunch of Canadian boys, an exceedingly interesting group. They had about them that quiet British reserve, and when they talked we could see that alongside with education they had cultivated a high degree of common sense also. And that is better than we can say of a good many educated Americans.

That handsome and accomplished woman, Miss Pearl Herdman, of St. Louis, is an example of the true hearing teacher's sincere interest and devotion to us. If I am not mistaken she has attended almost every N. A. D. Convention. A great deal of our success is due to her ready willingness to play the role of masterful interpreter to any prominent outside speaker wishing to address us. It is said on high authority that in the matter of reliable interpreting, keeping time and clearness, Miss Herdman has no superiors, and few indeed are her equals. For the greater success of our deaf schools, and for a wider advertising of the utility, beauty and power of the sign language we need more benevolent, level-headed teachers like Miss Herdman.

Among the 18000 employees of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit are twenty-two deaf-mutes. The company is good to the deaf, but will not employ them unless they are residents of Michigan—at least, one of our correspondents says so.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

THE DEAF MISJUDGED

The deaf are so few in number as compared with the general population that the people of a community are apt to judge them as a class by the character of one or two representatives whom they happen to know. Some time ago we were in conversation with a gentleman from a distant part of the State and referring to the deaf he remarked that they did not seem to be a very intelligent or very useful class of citizens. We asked him how many deaf men there were in his town, and he could name but one. We recollected him. Out of a hundred boys who were at school during his term he was about the only one who had made an utter failure, yet the reputation of all had to suffer for his worthlessness.

The gentleman was not given to fault finding, and would not have been guilty of willful injustice to anybody. It just so happened that the only deaf-mute he knew well was a pure specimen of his class, but the gentleman imagined they were all alike.

We had tried to impress upon our boys the fact that each one represents in his home community not only his own character but the deaf population of the State, and the bad conduct of shiftlessness reflects upon all.—*Virginia Guide*.

A RARE HONOR

Mr. Winfield S. Runde, of Berkeley, Cal., enjoys the distinction of being the only deaf delegate to the National Educational Association in the department of Home Economics. He was appointed by President Hall to represent Gallaudet College.

The mark of extraordinary merit is to see those most envious of it constrained to praise.—*La Rochefoucauld*.



Nads on the Way to Muir Woods.

whole-hearted, a more motherly bunch of them than those also from the old Metropolis, New York City. I ought to mention a little incident in the Hotel Dale one evening, which goes to show how that perfectly lovable Mrs. Jeanette W. Heyman demonstrated her motherliness a great deal better than I did. Perhaps she will write that story herself—I hope she will, but the worst of it will reflect on me. And there was Miss Cora E. Coe, of Illinois, with a cheerful word for everybody. No doubt she was not a little complimented by that kindly, observant gentleman



A Big Catch! by Mr. Elrod.

PUBLIC OPINION

BY DR. J. H. CLOUD

WE recently received our copy of the proceedings of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf held, over a year ago, at the Virginia School for the Deaf at Staunton. Whether avoidable or otherwise such a long interval between the adjournment of a convention and the appearance of the proceedings tends to render the work of a convention less effective. Six months at most is ample time in which to get out the official proceedings of a convention of any organization meeting as frequently as the Teachers' Association.

In The Silent Worker of last February we had occasion to make some comment on a paper read at the Staunton convention of American Instructors of the Deaf by Mr. F. M. Driggs, Superintendent of the Utah School for the Deaf. The subject of Mr. Driggs' paper was "Speech Problems in Combined Schools," in which he made a plea for a "speech atmosphere" in schools for the deaf. Mr. Driggs' paper did not have to wait on the publication of the official proceedings of the convention as the propaganda maintained by the oralists quickly gave it a prominent setting and a wide circulation in their leading publications. Mr. Driggs concludes his paper with the following statement:

"Before I prepared this short paper I addressed a letter to the superintendents of Combined System Schools of America asking what were their most serious hindrances or difficult problems to the best results in the teaching of speech in their schools. I shall read only two of their replies, but shall ask permission to have all their letters appended to this paper and printed in the proceedings of the Convention." The replies are given in the proceedings of the convention, some thirty-seven in number—with nothing whatever to indicate whom the replies are from. As every one knows the value of a statement is largely dependent upon its source. In a court—of justice no consideration would be given to the testimony of any one whose identity is purposely kept from the jury. If the authors of the replies quoted by Mr. Driggs are real factors in the profession of instructing the deaf their statements would have an added weight if given over their own signatures.

Among the hearing friends of the Deaf who favored the convention of the National Association of the Deaf at San Francisco last summer with an address was Dr. H. B. Young, M. A., of Burlington, Iowa, a nationally prominent member of the medical profession, who for many years has made a special study of the causes and results of deafness.

Dr. Young agrees with Makeun that: "Spontaneous speech development takes place only as the individual is capable of hearing speech sounds both subjectively and objectively; and speech acquired in any other way is a forced and artificial product." By way of comment upon the above Dr. Young adds that: "To the deaf person, therefore, who objects to being in the lime light; and that means most of them, this forced and artificial product will make small appeal; for it's first effect, through unusual tone and inflection, is to make the user conspicuous."

That Dr. Young takes a very sensible and national view of the value of oralism to the deaf is evinced by the following statement from one of his addresses before a meeting of Otologists not long since:

"The idea that the deaf child must have an exclusive oral environment—absolutely barred from the language of signs—involving so much

additional expense, may be met with skepticism; and for these reasons: (a) Every parent uses signs as a means of teaching the hearing child to speak, (b) The good preacher, good orator, and good actor is distinguished from the indifferent



Mr. and Mrs. N. V. Lewis, Prominent, Popular and Old Time Residents of Los Angeles.

ones of his class by his ability to press his points with appropriate gestures and signs often more expressive than words. (c) Now that the Tower of Babel, with its 'confusion of tongues' is again a reality, through the advent of thousands who speak but not in our language, it has become a necessity to use the language of signs extensively in all the avenues of industry. (d.) From time immemorial the deaf have been educated by a system of signs; in most schools are so educated today; and the majority of those who have acquired speech make more use of signs. (e) In short, when 89,950,000 people are using the sign language, more or less, every day, it is hard to imagine a condition in which the 50,000 [deaf-mutes] scattered broadcast, can be shut out from it."

Dr. Young maintains, and correctly too, that the sign language is the only universal language and may profitably be taught to the hearing as well as to the deaf. He also maintains that it is the plain duty of otologists to warn parents of deaf children against too great expectations from oralism.

Market Street, San Francisco, is the city's leading business thoroughfare. Hotel Dale, the headquarters of the National Association of the Deaf, is located on Turk Street, just off Market. The Spanish Volunteers monument by Douglas Tilden—the noted deaf-mute sculptor—stands on Market Street at the junction of Turk Street. Off streets in San Francisco look much alike to the visitor and aside from being a thing of beauty and a joy forever Tilden's monument served the additional useful purpose of land-mark to tell visitors where to turn off to convention headquarters.

While at the Panama-Pacific Exposition we visited the Carnation Dairy barn. In various parts of the barn we noticed signs conspicuously displayed bearing the following statement:

"No swearing allowed in Carnation Dairy barns. These contented cows are not accustomed to profane language."

Thus it is not only in schools for the deaf that signs tend to the repression of the speech atmosphere. But why the admonition? Could it be owing to the utter absence of anything suggestive of carnation in a cow-barn?

Imposter bills go through without opposition for the obvious reason that those against whom the legislation is aimed fail to organize an opposition lobby.

We often hear about "restoring the deaf to society." As far as day-school pupils are concerned the statement cannot be made to apply as they have never been taken out of society.

For paying \$5 for a damaged bulldog, friends of a Liberty traveling man are giving him the laugh. The traveler saw the dog in a North Missouri town and immediately struck a bargain with its owner. The dog is so deaf that even with all the opportunities it has had in the last few weeks it cannot hear it thunder.—Kansas City Times.

The laugh would be on the dog if it did not know enough to come in when it begins to rain.

The only exhibit worth seeing in the zone at the Panama-Pacific Exhibition is the operating model of the Panama Canal. Numerous prizes, medals and awards attest that fact.

DEATH CLAIMS DR. ELIZA J. BURNSIDE

Dr. Eliza J. Burnside died this morning at the home of her sister, Ruth Arnold, 126 Jefferson Street.

The deceased was the oldest child of John and Hannah Zimmerman and was born at New Windsor, Carroll county, Maryland, on the 23rd day of August, 1831. A few years later she was brought to Seneca county by her parents, who were pioneer residents of this section. She acquired a common school education in the schools of Seneca county and afterwards went to Philadelphia, where for three years she pursued a medical course in the Woman's Medical School. She graduated from that institution with honors.

On the 10th day of June, 1860, she was married to Thomas J. Burnside, who, for many years, was an instructor in the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb in Philadelphia. The deceased from the time of her marriage until a few years ago practiced medicine in Philadelphia, where she was of recognized professional standing.

Her husband died in the year 1897, but the deceased continued to reside in Philadelphia until a few years ago when she came to Tiffin where she had since made her home with her sister, Mrs. Arnold.

The deceased is survived by one brother, Joseph Zimmerman, of New York City; by two sisters, Mrs. Ruth Arnold and Mrs. Catherine Stoner, of this city; and by several nephews and nieces, members of the Ransburg family, of Pleasant Lake, Indiana.

The funeral services will take place at the Arnold home on Jefferson Street at two o'clock on Monday afternoon, May 31, and the interment, which will be private, will be made in Greenlawn cemetery.

It is the mind that makes the body rich.—Shakespeare.

STRAY STRAWS

BY E. FLORENCE LONG

THE TRIBE OF JEREMIAH.

That pessimistic Jew,
Old Jeremiah, who
Originated knocking in his day,
Was some knocker, I am bound to say.
But he could not hold a candle
To the modern ones who handle
Nad affairs that come their way.

No matter where you go,
You hear their croak of woe,
There's nothing in the Nad that's done aright,
"The Deaf," poor things, are in an awful plight
Led by officers benighted.
They are happy and delighted
When they're stirring up a fight.

It may be they were born
Because they say a thorn
Is necessary when we have the rose,
And so we have to stand them I suppose.
But I wish the gods would steer them
Where we never more may hear them
With their endless tale of woes.

J. S. L.



Local Committees of Ladies at the N. F. S. D. Convention.

LL of the Omaha and Council Bluffs deaf folks with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. John Barrett and Mr. Ike Wittwer staid "to home" during the summer. And there really was no need of any one hereabouts going off to the N. A. D. convention in San Francisco, California, for the N. F. S. D. held its convention right in Omaha from July 4th to 10th inclusive.

The Omaha and Council Bluffs Frats with their wives and lady friends tried to show the visiting Frats and their wives that they were more than glad to meet them. The visiting Frats were a fine lot and most of them formed the cream of the deaf world. The local Frats and their wives staid at the Rome Hotel, the headquarters of the convention, and were accordingly able to get better acquainted with the convention crowd which was some three hundred strong, not counting a few N. A. D. visitors.

Mr. Reider, who was one of the Frats present, is giving a lengthy account of all the proceedings of this N. F. S. D. convention, so there is nothing more to say. He and "me" never had one word together during the whole convention—we just saw each other from afar and perhaps the old

saying that "distance lends enchantment" must appeal to him where ladies are concerned.

In mentioning the picnic which was held in one of Omaha's smallest parks, Mr. Reider said the lunch given the visitors was served in **Western** style. Now we thought it was served in **buffet** style, which is an easy and familiar way of serving informal lunches in any large city. The N. A. D. served its picnic lunch that way at Colorado Springs and the Gallaudet College Alumni convention held at Washington, D. C., also did likewise at its Great Falls picnic. Maybe Mr. Reider did not get enough of Bryan's famous "**Grape Juice**" handed him at the picnic. There was a great big tub of it served in sanitary paper cups to all the visitors.

Mr. Frank Leitner, of Pennsylvania, was everywhere with his camera at the picnic and he insisted that the Ladies Committee who had charge of the social side of the convention should **sit** and **be took**. The result is herewith presented to the readers of the Silent Worker.

While the Frats were butting their heads together or waving their arms in the gestures of debate and argument during their sessions behind closed doors the visiting ladies and the local ladies visited the big stores together. The Chicago and Milwaukee ladies all declared that Omaha shops were ahead of those in their own respective cities. Most of them invested in little ivory elephants hung from black silk cords to be worn around the neck and straightway formed the White Elephant Club among themselves. None of the secrets of that White Elephant Club will ever be divulged though and the masculine curiosity will have to be satisfied with just the name.

The heads of the Iowa and Nebraska schools for the deaf also took a hand in entertaining the visitors by having all come in a body to inspect the schools. Supt. Rothert served a fine luncheon in the dining room of the Iowa school and the Ladies Committee served a buffet supper at the Nebraska school. The visit to the Iowa school was particularly pleasing to the visitors, for Supt. Rothert assisted by the "school family," as all the employes from the teachers to the matron, baker, cook, and maids are affectionately called, personally supervised everything arranged for their entertainment. A few impromptu speeches were given in the chapel where all final-

ly gathered to say good bye to their host and then all gave a parting "Chautauqua salute" for Supt. Rothert, the Combined Method man, who believes in signs being indispensable to the deaf.

One of the greatest attractions for the ladies was the very, very tall Californian, Leo Williams, (Mrs. Terry calls him Geo.) who wasn't a Frat and so had more time to give them the benefit of his fascinating ways. Mrs. Leo Williams cannot be a bit jealous either for he told each and all about her charming self and what a blissful wedded life was his'n. And we can well believe him for Mrs. Williams, as the bright and winsome dark-eyed beauty Emma Reynolds, was a school-mate and playmate of mine at the Indiana State School for the Deaf.

Mr. Gibson, the Grand Secretary of the N. F. S. D., always manages to do the handsome thing. When he found that the local Ladies Committee had done strenuous work during the year to help accumulate the wherewithal for the entertainment of the convention, and then personally did so much to entertain visiting ladies, he suggested that the convention vote them each a Frat pin for their very own. There happened to be just seven Frat pins of the large style left after the manufacture of pins had been discarded and buttons only made. So the seven ladies, Mrs. Ota Crawford Blankenship, Mrs. Florence Phelps Rothert, Mrs. Perry Seeley, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Harry G. Long, Mrs. John W. Barrett and Mrs. E. Florence Long, comprising the Ladies Committee, were duly decorated. Those ladies had several other ladies not connected with the committee who did lots of able volunteer work and the leaders among those were Mrs. Z. B. Thompson and Mrs. Frank Holloway.

It was left with the Omaha Division to qualify them to wear the pins. The matter was left over till fall and early in October the ladies were notified to appear after the regular lodge meeting on October 14. This they did with fear and trembling, but evidently the lodge goat was not familiar with the initiation of ladies and he was quite tame. However, the ladies were put thru a system all their own and a few of the principles of the organization represented by the pin they wore were explained to them.

It was really a matter of regret that the ladies could not be initiated into full membership, but it is the hope of the Omaha Division that

Continued on page 34



Just before the "joy ride" around Omaha. "Stray Straws," Mr. Howard and Miss Grace Evans. Photo by Clayton McLaughlin one of the "joy riders."

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There does not appear to be any age limit in the Texas school. A boy 55 years old has just matriculated.

Quite a number of the schools for the deaf in the various states including our own have opened with "the largest number ever present on the first day."

The Silent Hoosier divides the pupils of the school it represents and their parents into two classes, the appreciative and the inappreciative. From a casual reading of the papers published in other schools and our association with those in authority in other places we are inclined to believe that its school is not the only one in which the division properly may be made.

Dr. Allen Bradshaw Fay gave every promise of being a worthy successor to his able father in the management of the Annals, and his death is greatly to be deplored.

We have received from Dr. Calvin N. Kendall a copy of the fine big brochure on "The Teaching of Hygiene and Safety," and find it replete with good things and of the greatest general interest.

Indiana will soon take a place among the states having homes for the aged and infirm deaf. A tract of one hundred acres of land has been given by Orson Archibald, a deaf teacher, and upwards of \$7,000 in cash already has been raised for the purpose. It is thought that ground will be broken during the coming year and that by its end the home may be opened to those desiring its shelter.

Mr. W. O. Connor, of Georgia, has just finished the last of his annual investigations. It is pretty hard to tell just what they are all about, but one reason appears to be that there are more people in Georgia than there are jobs at the school; then too the Lydia Tincums and the Dr. Bunions of the profession never do like the sterling, skilled old practitioner that stands between them and the flesh-pots. Perhaps, after all, it is just feared that the doctor will get lonesome if the time-honored event is not forthcoming, and so it is annually arranged by his friends to relieve him of the *ennui* that might be his portion.

WHY THE DISTINCTION

There is a somewhat odd situation as to the classification of schools for the deaf, in reference to their methods of instruction, some being listed as using "combined methods," others as being "oral," and a visit to the various schools and a study of the school-room work does not serve to clarify to any great extent the situation. We find in all of them every energy bent to the giving of speech and lip-reading, and in all of them occasional recourse being had to sketches, moving-pictures, action work, and some dramatization. They appear to be exactly alike and yet the methods of one are said to be "oral" and of another "combined." Perhaps it is a question of construction of the word "oral." Does it mean that speech and lip-reading only are used in the school. If it does, the term is a gross mis-nomer, for there is no such school in the whole world. Does it mean that the particular aim of the institution is to give speech, by teaching articulation and using speech at all possible times, then any up-to-date school in the land is an oral school. Is it not time then that the term be standardized, and that all of these schools be recognized as either "oral" or "combined."

INCREASING VALUES.

Comptroller Pendegast of New York, the gentleman who discovered that the teachers Pension Fund of that city was in a comatose condition, now declares that "the educational results achieved in New York are not commensurate with the huge sums of money expended annually for public education." The Comptroller claims, that the summer vacation is too long, that the city does not get full value out of its school houses, and that neither the city nor children get full value from the teachers. It is a fact that the earlier the time that the child completes its training the earlier and better the start it will have in its business career, and if a six-hour school day and a forty-five weeks school year will shorten the preparation by a year, why lose the precious year. Why not also use the idle time of the school-room, and while one class is away in physical training or vocational works; instead of closing the room, why not utilize

it, for this would amount to doubling the space. The Comptroller also would have the teacher extend his days work an hour, his term a month and would have him abstain from "petty intrigue and unseemly political agitation", at which few teachers will demur. When he would place the pay of the teacher in his city on a plane with that of a German teacher, however, he is unfair, for at the present apparently lower pay of the German teacher he may live much better in his country than the New York teacher possibly can on this side of the Atlantic.

A BOUNDEN DUTY

It is a curious fact, but nevertheless a true one, that deaf children in ever-so-highly cultured families as a rule get little attention in the matter of instruction from their parents, brothers, and sisters. Everything is left to the school with its large classes, when the member of the family could take the little one aside for an hour or two a day while it is at home and give it a training that would increase an hundred fold its progress in its studies. There is an occasional exception, and one of these exceptions, a most marked one, is Miss Lucy Langdon Wilson of Philadelphia. She is the principal of the Girls' Normal School and as such has many and various duties, to which she adds church work and a great deal of work in other lines of endeavor; but, withal, has found time to educate her deaf son and prepare him for college, and this fall he takes a place in the student body of Harvard. What an example to the mothers, brothers and sisters of our little ones. What an example for every one; and yet men say that she is not fit to vote.

We were fortunate enough to have Dr. Harry R. North as our lecturer at the meeting held October 7th. His subject was "The Ear" and we were treated to an exhaustive disquisition on its structure and the pathology of its diseases, together with the treatment of the various lesions, the lecturer, making especial reference to deafness and its causes. The place of our meeting in November will be the State Normal when the lecturer of the afternoon, Miss Susan A. Reilly will have better facilities for giving her lecture on Geography.

Even the seven days taken by the pupils of the South Carolina school to exterminate a nest of yellow jackets on their play ground was not so much time when you consider what a yellow jacket is.

The Baton Rouge School opens school with three distinct new departures. It starts a bakery, closes its shoe-making department and establishes military discipline.

The "Lone Star," in its earlier years the "Texas Ranger," is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary and is proportionately proud.

SCHOOL and CITY



Hallowe'en.

Farewell summer.

Showers of leaves.

And now November gales.

But seven weeks till the holidays.

Bernard Doyle has his eye on Gallaudet.

Annie Uhouse just loves to go shopping.

Andrew McClay was a visitor on Sunday.

Our Junior basket-ball teams are doing finely.

Mr. and Mrs. Veradi and son were recent visitors.

The team have but just closed its base-ball season.

The boys are a little late getting their basket-ball suits.

Roy Hapward is taking his first lessons on the linotype.

Our once beautiful lawns are, already, sere and bare.

Lawn and field sports will continue until Thanksgiving day.

Clara Van Sickle has promised us a visit in the near future.

The little boys had a busy day Saturday gathering up the leaves.

Joe Corello and Arthur Leffler are doing the gardening, this month.

Our splendid line of magazines and periodicals has been renewed.

There are forty-eight girls now in the cooking and baking classes.

Our office boy had a birthday on the 20th. She was twelve years old.

John MacNee gave a penny to Arthur Rau, who was very much pleased.

A fine lot of Juvenile books was added to the library during the month.

There are forty-eight of the girls now learning cooking and bread-making.

Last Thursday was Ruth Ramshaw's birthday. She was well-remembered.

The leaves let go and came tumbling to earth in thousands on the 19th.

Randall McClelland and John MacNee can make the best fudge you ever tasted.

Would you believe it, some of our children think it a picnic to go to the dentist.

It isn't everybody that can run a press well, but John Dugan is fast learning the art.

No teacher in our school has yet become a pensioner upon the teachers' Retirement Fund.

Arthur Long has taught Wm. Felts to swim, an accomplishment that William is very proud of.

There are few better posted men on the war situation in Europe than Arthur Long and Louis Otten.

The architectural drawings recently made by Otis Harrison have really possessed a great deal of merit.

Arthur Long says that dreams come true. We wonder if he dreamed that the Bostons would win.

The Silent Five have challenged us for a game on Thanksgiving Day and we hope to be able to arrange it.

It was hard to convince our recent cases of measles and sore throat that they were sick, the cases were so light.

The storm shed placed by the carpenter-boys over the north-east door of the boys' hall is a nice piece of work.

Alice Clayton's mother will take her to an oculist and have her eyes fitted with new glasses, some time next months.

Vito Dondiego's little brother and sister and his mother took a trip to Philadelphia in the steam-boat last Saturday.

Among the dishes turned out by our cooking class recently have been a number of tin plates of delicious molasses candy.

There is no one who enjoys snow more than Josie Kulikowski, and she is already looking forward to its coming with delight.

The best news that Johnny MacNee has received this month is the news that his mamma's rheumatism is rapidly disappearing.

A letter from Ada Earnest informs us that she is working in a factory near her home makingsweaters, and that she is doing well.

The evening lecture, last Sunday, was given by Miles Sweeney and the children greatly enjoyed the hour they spent with him.

Our children are greatly interested in the news of the day and are about as well posted as the average citizen, if not a little better.

The broadest smile of Henri Coene's career was the one he smiled the other day when the mail brought him a big box of candy.

Quite a few of our gentlemen voted for female suffrage. Few of the girls wanted it and the boys were almost unanimous against it.

The oleander presented by Mr. Uhouse has just been repotted by Mr. Otis and put carefully away in the Infirmary basement till next year.

We never have had as high as four children from the same family in our school. It is likely, however, we shall have an instance of it next year.

A beautiful box of pears arrived for Mary Sommers, from Swedesboro, a few days ago. Mary guessed who they were from, the very first time.

The scheme of the Pittsburg team to get to Philadelphia on a freight train as live stocks, and thus escape much of the expense quite amused our boys.

Elias Scudder now prefers the old style of razor to the safety. He has found that when there is real works to be done there is nothing like the naked blade.

The game between the Second and Third teams on Monday evening, was a hotly contested one, but finally ended in favor the Second team by a score of 21 to 2.

Helen Lesh has begun buying Christmas presents already. Among other things, she got a neck-tie rack for her brother-in-law. Alice Clayton bought it for her.

Nobody but the Supt. would do to go with little Miss Uhouse, when she went out to get her fall outfit and, to tell the truth, he did pretty well for a "mere man."

James Davison's mother is a sensible woman and she always gives sensible presents. The last thing she gave James was a handsome pair of trousers. Could there have been anything nicer.

Our moving pictures last Friday gave us the whole process of modern primitive methods of several other countries. The use of dynamite on a farm was shown and a bright story wound up the evening.

There was a bountiful supply of apples, nuts and cider, on Halloween, and the children never had a finer time. The costuming was especially good, and Charley Chaplin was very much in evidence.

Alfred Shaw slipped into the gym, the other day all alone and mopped and dusted it in every part. You would scarce believe it, but the rest of the team, when they came in immediately noticed the change.

Esther Woelper got an odd bracelet for a birthday present. It was a link bracelet, each link being a present from some friend. Esther will, doubtless, prize it highly, as it will always remind her of many dear friends.

A number of four little folks have been isolated in the infirmary of late because they were "carriers" (whatever they are). They certainly were the healthiest looking sick people we ever saw and they had the best appetites.

Recent letters from Charles Dobbins indicate that he is greatly pleased with college life. He had spent much of his leisure, thus far, in seeing the sights of the nation's capital, and says that he has been greatly interested in them.

A collision between a trolley-car and a wagon, in which the latter was badly broken up, occurred at the corner of Hamilton and Division St. one day last week, and occasioned considerable excitement among our pupils, many of whom witnessed it.

The Blackbird woods on the Roebling estate, just below the White Bridge, on the Sanhickon, is just now, one of the sights of Trenton. Thousands of blackbirds light there nightly on their way south taking up their journey again the next morning.

The piles of leaves that have been raked up around our yard have made wonderful romping places for the little ones, and although it has not been very conducive to cleanliness no one has had the heart to call them off as long as it was not carried too far.

Mabel Smith has not a very large bank account at present and so she could not buy a brand new, fashionable hat; but she and Miss Cornelius made one which is very pretty indeed and Mabel is just as well pleased with it as if she had paid ever so much for it.

Brother Porter had a birthday last week, and his boys could not let it pass without some token of their affection, so they got him a big meerscham pipe and a package of good tobacco, and at all odd times since, he has been enveloped in a cloud of smoke, just to show his appreciation.

Mr. Sharp caught a ruby-crested Kinglet in the boys' reading-room on Tuesday. He placed it in a globe where everybody had an opportunity to see it. It was the tiniest bird we had ever seen. Our trees have been full of small birds, of one kind and another during the past few days, probably on their way south.

THE N. F. S. D. CONVENTION

By JAMES S. REIDER

(Continued from October issue).



HE official proceedings, as given in the July *Frat*, may be taken as a fair and truthful account of the convention from the beginning to the end. Many little details concerning both the actions of the delegates and the convention, though they might be pleasing and interesting reading matter, were necessarily left out because they had no rightful place in such a record. To give a faithful report of a convention of a week's duration in one issue of a little paper, like the *Frat*, is a feat that Secretary Gibson has admirably accomplished. The Secretary's office is to give official information, while the object of this account is chiefly to give general information and comments that we think may interest the public.

An evening session was held on Tuesday, July 6th, lasting till about ten o'clock. That was all right, but some of those who were prohibited from smoking, by a vote of the convention, felt just a bit jealous of their more fortunate brothers who were not restricted from enjoying their Mail Pouch or a bite of champagne flavored Piper Heidsieck.

Among the communications read at this evening session was one from the Society's Actuary, F. A. Draper, Esq., who praised the Society very highly for the progress it has made. Quoth the expert, "You are entitled to the fullest measure of praise and commendation; no adverse criticisms can be made of the condition of the Society, and you have before you a secure and progressive history in the beneficent work in which you are engaged." Again quoth he: "As a result, you have today a Society in which membership is something of which to be proud." The full letter appears in the *Frat*.

Baltimore made the first bid for the next convention, Buffalo following at its heels; and both cities made alluring representations in the form of beautifully printed booklets and folders which were distributed to the delegates, none being forgotten.

The address of President Anderson is free from sentimentalism. It is an admirable, business-like and thorough presentation of the general condition of the Society; moreover, it is clear, brief, and conservative in tone. It is well worth close study by the whole membership body, as it throws light upon some things which do not appear to be rightly understood by some Frats. There is the addition of five cents to the regular monthly per capita tax. It was raised only because it was found to be advisable. Twice before an assessment of fifty cents was levied to meet deficits in the Sick and Accident Fund.

There has been no deficit in the Expense Fund, but the limitations it imposed were not favorable to the growth of the work of the Society. Hence a slight increase of the tax was made to boost both funds. A ten cent increase was first proposed, but was voted down. It seems much easier for the poorer members to pay five cents a month additional than to pay fifty cents in a lump sum. And remember it is for the benefit of members while alive, as the President says. In regard to a pro rata readjustment of the Expense Fund, the President says: "Its need is unquestioned and obvious if we are to go forward along the lines of greater growth—a growth that is bound to come—and in its very nature must be met rightly." In no part of the President's address did he bemoan an existing deficit, but what he was driving at was for more "rope" to allow the Society to grow, and grow and grow in every way possible. Among other things, he also meant that the officers should be fairly compensated for their constantly growing duties and responsibilities. He did not say that one officer should receive so much, another this much, and another that much. That was left to the Grand Division or Convention to decide, which has the sole right to fix the amount of salaries of those officials. And

afterwards the Convention, sitting in supreme judgment, heard the recommendations of the Committee on Resolutions, and, after full and fair discussion, granted increase in every case. Observe that the Convention did not only readjust the salaries of one or two officials, but of ALL; and, moreover, each salary was re-adjusted separately for the purpose of allowing greater freedom of discussion. In some instances the Convention granted more than that recommended by the Committee on Resolutions, and this may be taken as evidence that the delegates were bent upon a fair readjustment. The vote in each case, too, showed decisive majorities for the readjustments. In the foregoing remarks on the salary readjustment question, we have not attempted to justify the action of the Convention more than to show that it acted in good faith and in a spirit of fraternal co-operation with the expressed views of the President. In short, it "met rightly" the issues before it at Omaha.

In another part of this admirable address the President speaks as follows:

"I wish to impress upon each delegate here the important fraternal side that a Division System of advancing the dues of disabled or distressed members has. Many Divisions have it already, but those that have not should arrange for it. The plan has saved many a loss of benefits to those who could ill afford such. I shall later call up some delegate whose Division has the System to explain it before you, and believe its exposition and discussion will profit all."

There is a note of sympathy in this plea that seems irresistible; it is a high ideal of fraternalism, one which our Society through its Divisions has as yet little developed. It may be a difficult problem, especially for the smaller Divisions; but, in urging its consideration and practice along with other more weighty matters in his address, the President reminded us of a fraternal duty not to let members become lost to the Society when we can help it, and that he had a feeling and care for the weakest members as well as for those who always have the goods. He forgot, however, to call on any delegate to explain his Division's way of aiding distressed members; but he can yet ask some one to expose the system in the *Frat*, the Society's organ, and thus invite a wider discussion of the subject.

We may pass the reports of the Treasurer, Washington Barrows, and the Financial Secretary, Christopher C. Neuner, without comment as they are also printed in the *Frat* and speak eloquently for themselves. But of the personality of the two men we may say that both impressed us so well that it was a real pleasure to meet them. Mr. Barrows is a hustling sort of man and deserved the honor of a re-election, while Mr. Neuner, whose office has been abolished, will no doubt come out into the light again. The Treasurer's report was O. K'd by an expert public accountant, who also took the trouble to pen a compliment in his report.

Next to President Anderson's address, the report of Secretary Gibson was the most important. It teems with terse facts and figures that tell the progress made by the Society since the Columbus Convention, that is for three years. It is valuable for reference and would be worth reprinting here had we the space; so we refer the readers to the July *Frat* for a full copy of the report.

On Wednesday noon two panoramic group pictures were taken on the steps of Omaha's famous convention hall building. The first group was composed of all deaf present, including the ladies; and the second one, which was reproduced in the October issue by the courtesy of the *Frat*, contained only the officers, delegates, and alternates. Both pictures turned out good, but the one that goes with this write-up is of special historic interest. Maybe the author of "Stray Straws" will furnish the WORKER

with a copy of the other group for reproduction later.

On Wednesday afternoon (July 7th) the Convention began to tackle with the report of the Law Committee. It was the most arduous, irksome and fatiguing work the Convention had to perform and occupied a larger part of its time than any other single matter. As a matter of fact, the Law Committee did not sanction a large number of the changes proposed; but, by a limitation of its powers, it was compelled to report the propositions of various authors without limit. Its work appeared to be chiefly to edit, file, and report the numerous amendments. Altogether they were a veritable bugaboo. Had not the Convention later passed a rule empowering the Committee to report only such changes as it could itself recommend, it would not have been possible to finish the work in a week as scheduled. And few of the delegates would have been prepared to prolong their stay in the West beyond a week, while others had made arrangements to join the party of Eastern excursionists that passed through Omaha enroute to San Francisco on Monday, July 12th. All the changes made will be found in the July *Frat*.

Wednesday evening, the Convention Hall was again transformed, this time into a banquet hall. Two hundred and ten diners tried to do justice to the following excellent

MENU

Cream of Tomato	Queen Olives	Gherkins
Radishes	Fried Filet of Sole, Sauce Tartare	
Julienne Potatoes	Larded Beef Tenderloin	
Mushroom Sauce	Corn Saute, Mexican	New Potatoes Rissole
Hearts of Lettuce	Thousand Island Dressing	
Neapolitan Ice Cream	Assorted Cake	Cafe Noir

Dr. J. Schuyler Long, acted as Toastmaster, and started the "flow of soul" before introducing the following "picked" speakers, who were chosen with regard to a wide geographical representation. The toasts responded to precede the speaker's names.

"Omaha"—E. V. Parish, Omaha Commercial Club.
 "Loyalty"—James C. Anderson, Indianapolis, Ind.
 "Knockers"—James W. Howson, San Francisco, California.
 "The Square Deal"—D. McG. Cameron, Boston, Mass.

"Nuts"—James M. Stewart, Flint, Michigan.
 "X Y Z"—A. L. Roberts, Olathe, Kansas.
 "What Did You Do?"—William Pfunder, Washington, D. C.

The sole other speaker was Francis P. Gibson, who, in response to cries for "Gib," as he is affectionately called for short, made a brief impromptu address. As some of the speakers had their speeches in black and white, we can not do justice to them in this account except to say that the second feast was equally as enjoyable as the first to those who saw and heard.

The only extra decorations of the banquet hall were the banners and pennants of various Divisions, loaned for the occasion and the Convention. The variety of the sizes and colors of the emblems was something pleasing to note, and they hung thick all round the large room. Some of them were fine creations, too. We did not try to pick out the finest banner, so we do not know now which Division can claim it. Any way, these Division banners can not be taken as an index to the size of the treasury back of it. We have adopted a standard fob; why not a standard banner?

On Thursday morning (July 8th) Baltimore re-

newed its spirited bidding for the next convention by a telegram from the Mayor, and again by a letter from the same dignitary in the afternoon. Then the Law Committee came on deck again. Among the amendments adopted by the Convention was one which gives delegates in future "*one vote for every seven members on the Division roster*," instead of the way then prevailing which was "one vote to every twenty members." See the *Frat* for more new laws.

The evening of July 8th, was set aside for a visit to the "Isle of Pep" as guests of King Samson and his Knights, at Ak-Sar-Ben den. The invitation was extended to all Frats and Frats only. Mr. F. W. Booth and Mr. Elwood Stevenson were favored by a special dispensation of His Majesty to act as Court Interpreters during the hours when the *Frats* were at the monarch's tender mercy. In order to prevent deaf impostors (sic), anarchists (sic), and all undesirable persons (sic) from gaining admittance to the king's domain, every *Frat* was required to procure a card of admission in advance, as they would have to do to visit a penitentiary, and register his name and address on it before presenting it to the gate-keeper of Ak-Sar-Ben-Den. This he was required to do as a guarantee of good faith that he was a *Frat* in good standing, for the laws of the "Isle of Pep" are so severe that, should an impostor (sic) be caught, he would have to expiate his crime on the gallows without a jury trial. At about seven-thirty the *Frats* formed a long line of twos in front of Headquarters and marched up the street before wondering Omaha, for only the members of the Commercial Club, whose guests they were, knew what was to be their destination. At a given point special cars were boarded which conveyed the large party on a sight-seeing tour over some of the principal streets of Omaha, and then headed for the mysterious den, which had the appearance of a large hippodrome building. You can imagine what moments of expectancy came over us all as we were about to enter a place about which we had been told nothing but the name—AK-SAR-BEN den. All the explanation that we could get was that it was a secret den. We surmise that Brother Long was the only one in the whole party who was wise, but he was as mum as a clam. We gave up our pasteboard at the entrance—it was a side entrance, and, a little farther on in the dark or dimly lighted passageway, we were halted and decorated with the insignia of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben, which is a beautiful and odd button that we proudly wear in our coat lapel to show that we have been knighted for helping to boost the far West. It is really a fine souvenir and pleasant reminder of our visit to Ak-Sar-Ben den. Continuing our steps through a snake-like tunnel down grade, stumbling over gutters or holes, then up grade until we reached the opening, no one tried to conceal his surprise as, from this vantage point, he gazed down into the hollow of a theatre whose size was very much larger than the ordinary. We were allotted the choicest seats. An orchestra played to deaf ears unconsciously, perhaps. One reason that it was a most unique place was that because smoking was encouraged. An excellent performance was given which took us through the "Isle of Pep," and—but here we must stop our description of Ak-Sar-Ben den, lest we draw the wrath of King Samson upon our head. The best part of our story has yet to be told; nay, it must not go in print for the simple reason that we would be doing what we ought not to do as a matter of common courtesy. All that we can add here is that the evening spent at Ak-Sar-Ben den was one that will be remembered for a lifetime. Not the least enjoyable was the Dutch lunch provided after the performances, during which we were introduced to a number of Knights (business men of Omaha), and to no less a prominent person than His Excellency, Governor Moorehouse.

There was much mystery about the manner the ladies, who were left to themselves that evening, spent the weary hours of isolation from the men. We guessed anything but that they were in a rival Ak-Sar-Ben den. So we were not a little surprised when, after telling one what a grand time we had

at the den, she quickly retorted that the ladies also had a grand time, and, in proof of it, exhibited a tiny white elephant as a match for the men's button emblem. But that is all she would give out, so we are still wondering whether this lady bluffed us, or only advertised Omaha's hospitality to the fair sex. All the same, we salute the "ladies of the white elephant."

On Friday morning (July 9th) the Committee on Resolutions presented its report—a very important report that dealt with the salaries of the officers, etc. The *Frat* tells it all. The Convention adjourned early in the forenoon to allow the delegates time for two "social engagements," which the Local Committee had made in advance for them. Some may think that valuable time was thus wasted, but they should not forget that two long evening sessions were held, and, after four hard days work, the change was a welcome relief to the delegates. A hundred and fifty, more or less, made a trip by trolley to the Iowa School for the Deaf, where the Superintendent, Henry W. Rother, received them at the main entrance and gave strangers and all a cordial welcome. After the last man had crossed the threshold, the guests were invited to enter the dining-room and sit at the tables. They just filled the large room. Supt. Rother, standing in the middle of the room, again gave them a hearty welcome and told them to inspect the whole school, adding that if they found any doors locked, they should just peep through the key-holes. A fine luncheon was then served. After it, the visitors were divided into groups and, in tow of guides, made a tour of inspection. By this plan there was no confusion at any point during the inspection as would have been caused if the whole crowd had gone around together. The main building, the shops, and all other places worth seeing, including a large sanitary cow-stable, were inspected. It is said that the School owns the finest herd of cows in the vicinity; they were seen grazing in a distant field and certainly looked like a fine lot—about thirty. The School is situated well out in the country and seems to have all the land it needs. A trolley line passes the entrance to the grounds. We congratulate Superintendent Rother on the excellent appearance of his school—the whole school, and wish him all that he may wish for and more besides. Each visitor received a printed "remembrance" card of this visit from the Superintendent.

At about two-thirty in the afternoon the visitors left the Iowa School, recrossing the muddy Missouri River to Headquarters. After a little wait, a trolley ride was taken about the city ending at the Nebraska School for the Deaf, as had been previously planned. Superintendent F. W. Booth welcomed them at the entrance to the main building and invited them to first inspect the new building for the oral department a short distance yonder. It is a handsome modern brick building, admirably designed as a complete school by itself for the pupils of this department. As Rome was not built in a day, so, too, the Nebraska School has not been made a pure-oral school at one term. Superintendent Booth is too experienced and capable a teacher of the deaf to attempt to reverse the old order of things by one swing. He is bound by the law and will doubtless satisfy it, but he will go about it in a way that will make his work fit into the law, not the law the work; in other words, he will be reasonable rather than drastic in making progressive changes in the School, just as has been so successfully done at Mt. Airy. Our acquaintance with Mr. Booth has extended over a period of thirty-five years, so we should know him pretty well. Moreover, he was our wife's teacher, and she will readily bear testimony with us of his great worth as an educator, and of his sincerity of purpose and sterling character. We have long since come to regard him as a kind, lovable, and humble friend of the deaf, one whom we can trust with the faith of a child, even though we may not always hold the same opinions. Therefore, we have nothing but good wishes for the growth, progress and success of Mr. Booth's work in behalf of the deaf of the Black-water State (Nebraska or Ak-Sar-Ben).

After the inspection, a light lunch was provided in the main or administration building by the ladies of the Local Committee. A lawn fete followed until darkness and the "jiggers" drove the visitors inside the building. In the evening, a moving picture entertainment was given at the School, when some of the Nad films were shown. The members of the Convention, however, were obliged to forego this pleasure and attend an evening session to make up the time lost by the trips to the two schools for the deaf.

The session which began at 8 o'clock on Friday evening lasted till exactly 2:45 A.M. on Saturday. Much business was transacted. The following is the galaxy of officers chosen for the present term:

President—Harry C. Anderson, Indianapolis, Ind.
First Vice-President—William L. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa.
Second Vice-President—H. Lorraine Tracy, New Orleans, La.
Third Vice-President—Arthur L. Roberts, Olathe, Kansas.
Secretary—Francis P. Gibson, Chicago, Ill.
Assistant Secretary—E. M. Rowse, Chicago, Ill.
Treasurer—Washington Barrows, Chicago, Ill.
Chairman of Trustees—George F. Flick, Chicago, Ill.
Trustees—E. A. Hart, Chicago, Ill.; H. W. Buell, Chicago, Ill.

A spirited contest was made for the next Convention city and eight cities were nominated. Philadelphia won easily on the first ballot and the choice was graciously made unanimous by the rival contestants, a fraternal courtesy that is commendable. The nomination of Philadelphia was made at 1:21 A.M., July 10th and the city was elected at 2:24 A.M. (Omaha time or 3:24 A.M. Philadelphia time.) Adjournment followed.

The session on Saturday morning began at 10 A.M., and the business of the Convention was finished at 2:30 P.M., in schedule time, and amidst a happy demonstration. The Rev. C. O. Dantzer gave the benediction.

The Board of Directors alone were bound for a meeting in the afternoon to wind up its business for the time being, and another meeting was held in the evening to initiate a class of eighteen novices. The writer and many others bade good bye to Omaha that evening and so his story ends here.

We can not, however, end this account without expressing some appreciation of the excellent arrangements made by the Local Committee for the entertainment of the Convention. Any one who has experience in convention work knows that the task of this Committee involved much labor and many personal sacrifices that not only call for the unstinted praise of the delegates, but also of the entire membership of the Society. For it was largely by their example of loyalty to the Society that the Omaha Convention turned out such a signal success. Philadelphia hopes to profit by the experience of the Omaha Committee and at least to equal, if not surpass, its splendid work. The Ladies' Committee also deserves a large share of praise for its helpfulness in entertaining the ladies of the members of the Convention and others who visited Omaha during the time of the Convention. The Convention was mindful of their great service and voted to present to each member of the Committee one of the Society's emblem pins with the special privilege to wear them as a slight token of its appreciation.

Adieu, Omaha! Adieu!

KAISER'S DEAF MUTE TROOPS.

(Central News Telegram).

PARIS, Monday.—The Dutch newspaper, "De Courant," publishes an extraordinary story to the effect that the Germans are sending deaf mutes to the front. The report says that Dutch subjects who recently returned from Ghent declare that the reinforcements recently sent to Flanders are mostly recruits who have been in training in Beverloo Camp, and not troops taken from the Eastern front. Among them were observed two companies of deaf mutes, who were commanded by signs.

SIR ARTHUR FAIRBAIRN, BART.



E deeply regret to announce the death of Sir Arthur Fairbairn, which occurred on the 2nd June.

An attack of influenza had left his health seriously impaired, and he had since last January been in bed struggling for life. The immediate cause of death was heart failure. For some years the late baronet had resided at Hove, but on the death of his mother he removed to Chichester. At the beginning of this year he was ordered by his medical adviser to live at Tumbidge Wells, and it was there that the end came.

Sir Arthur Fairbairn, the third baronet, was the son of Sir Thomas Fairbairn, who was chairman of the great Manchester Exhibition of 1856 and of the International Exhibition in London in 1862. His grandfather was Sir William Fairbairn, an eminent man of science.

Sir Arthur and his sister, Miss Fairbairn, were deaf and dumb. They were educated in pre-oral days, but the doors of Society were by no means closed to them on account of their affliction. The baronet himself was educated first at Rugby and then by a private tutor. He married in the year 1882 a sister of Mr. Walter Long, the well-known politician. Like his sister, he was by no means ashamed of his affliction, but on the contrary mingled with the deaf and dumb on every possible occasion, befriending his poorer brethren and doing his utmost to ameliorate their lot. He was a man of many parts—traveller, art connoisseur, and man of the world—besides moving in the highest and most exclusive social circles. His travels took him all over Europe and North America, and his house was full of exquisite examples of his taste in art, besides many curious souvenirs of his rambles. One curiosity was a lock of the great Napoleon's hair, which he purchased for six louis in a Paris slum. Another was a vase presented by Kaiser William I. to the baronet's father.

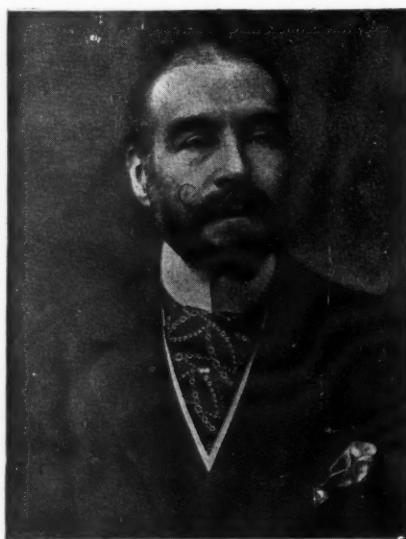
Sir Arthur Fairbairn will be missed by the whole deaf community, and his life place will not easily be filled. Of a jocular disposition, and with an apparent tendency to treat the subject of deafness humorously, he nevertheless did a vast amount of real good, and those who knew him well saw that beneath his gaiety there was a vein of real seriousness, and an earnest desire to improve the lot of those whose affliction he shared.

Practical indeed was the assistance he rendered to them. He did not confine himself to giving them good advice or lecturing them, but he gave freely both of time and money. It would be difficult to catalogue his beneficence to the cause, or to give even a hint of the innumerable ways in which he was of service. It may be mentioned, however, that to bazaars and other similar functions arranged for the help of the deaf he always managed to bring a host of influential friends who would spend money freely. Then again, his presence was a preventive against a taboo of the deaf community. In a word, Sir Arthur made the state of deafness familiar to a large circle of people who were naturally inclined to shrink from contact with a race of beings who could neither hear the human voice nor make use of it.

It is a strange phenomenon, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the vast majority of people require to be educated into toleration of anyone who is not exactly similar to themselves in essential respects. Just as the living shrink from contact with the dead, so do those who enjoy all their senses appear to shrink from contact with those who are deficient in one or more of the senses. Equally is it true that many otherwise intelligent people associate the deaf with either weakness of body or of intellect, forgetting that a person might suffer from a number of afflictions, of which deafness is one, but

which have no connection with each other at all. For these reasons, a prominent man like Sir Arthur Fairbairn, a man of sound common sense and robust views, who carried the gospel of cheerfulness and wholesome sanity far and wide, was a distinct asset to the whole deaf community.

To mention just a few of the particular movements with which he was connected, he was vice-president of the Royal Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, Margate; member of the Committee of the Brighton Institution and the Winchester Diocesan Mission; vice-president of the Charitable and Provident Society for Granting Pensions to the Aged and Infirm Deaf; president of



SIR ARTHUR H. FAIRBAIRN, Bart.
The only deaf and dumb baronet in the world.

the London Deaf Cricket Club; president of the London Branch of the B.D.D.A., and benefactor of St. Saviour's Church for the Deaf Oxford Street, London, to which he gave a new electric lighting and heating apparatus. He was also hon. treasurer of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb. In 1903 he was president of the Reception Committee for the Eighth Biennial Congress of the B.D.D.A., when he received the guests with magnificent and lavish hospitality.

If a challenge cup or trophy were required for the encouragement of the young people of a certain district, Sir Arthur would readily come to the rescue, and furthermore, he would attend and present it, together with one of his happy little speeches.

His services were requisitioned all over the country for opening missions, laying foundation stones, and other ceremonials of a similar nature. It may be truly said of him that he gave of his best—namely, his time, his health and his resources—and he never seemed happier than when he was doing good. Essentially a grand seigneur, with a fine aristocratic manner, he was yet one of the most simple, kindly souls, who did not disdain the small things of life. His activities were many-sided. One day he would be down on the Welsh hills opening a new institute; the next, he would be attending a bazaar in London, surrounded by wealthy friends.

Sir Arthur Fairbairn is dead, but his good works will live after him. His simplicity, his geniality and innate kindness of heart will be remembered long after the concrete examples of his generosity have passed out of existence.

—British Deaf Times.

As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labor.—Dr. Johnson.

Mind unemployed is unenjoyed.—Bovee.

STRAY STRAWS

Continued from page 29

this group of ladies shall form the nucleus of an auxiliary organization that shall hold the same relation to the Frats that the Eastern Star does to the Masonic order.

The sweet shop across the street from the Rome Hotel, which displayed several N. F. S. D. Welcome Banners, invented a new ice-cream confection of various happy ingredients and of generous proportions served in a long narrow dish which was called the N. F. S. D. Sundae. This shop was well patronized every afternoon and evening by the convention crowd and the N. F. S. D. Sundae kept vanishing at such a rapid rate that the proprietor wore the smile that wouldn't come off. A Frat named Mr. Goldman always insisted on treating all the deaf whom he found in the sweet shop while he was getting his N. F. S. D. ice-cream. And other Frats would also collect a bunch of ladies and take them over there to put some N. F. S. D. stuff inside of them and so demonstrate their fraternal spirit. The Ladies Committee also treated the visiting ladies to that famous N. F. S. D. Sundae.

There were several brides—Frat brides at the convention and all were exceedingly good "lookers" too. One of them was Mrs. Harry Anderson and the genial hard working President of the N. F. S. D. can surely be congratulated in more ways than one, for besides being very winsome she made him a family man as soon as wedded and just lately she also made him a grandfather. That is not strange though for she was a long time friend of his and the widow of one of his best men friends.

A lively bunch of N. A. D. New Yorkers bound for California joined the N. F. S. D. on the last day of the convention just long enough to dine in the Rome Hotel and take an automobile drive around the City of Omaha. Mr. Hodgson was the Major-Domo of that bunch and was feeling so fine that he nearly embraced "me" for being a newly made grandmother.

Everybody went to the depot to say good bye to the crowd going to California and it was a perspiring and sorrowful good bye from those they "left behind them."

E. F. L.

A REMARKABLE DEAF MAN

One of the most interesting figures in the printing field, in Montgomery Ala., is John F. Keys. Fifty-four years ago he was born in Tennessee, and lost his hearing when he was two years old from fever. He attended the school for the deaf at Knoxville, Tenn. He spent the earlier part of his life, that is up to his fifteenth year, on a farm. One day a tramp printer came along, who asked for milk and food, and when given plenty, as characteristic of the hospitable Southerners, told John that farming was no good for the deaf, and that he could earn more money in printing. Thus encouraged John put down his hoe and went down to one of the most historic cities in the south—Montgomery. There he got a position, first as printer's devil and afterwards as first class printer. Now he is a very efficient typist. He earns from twenty-five to thirty dollars a week.

Perhaps he has the distinction of being the only deaf printer in the United States, who has remained thirty-eight years at the same trade for the same publication—the Montgomery Advertiser—in the same city, who has got a life contract.

He is married and has a nice home of his own, only a few blocks from the residence of Jefferson Davis, the Confederate president.—Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

Dr. Edwin W. Nies, who graduated from the University of Pennsylvania a year ago, announces the opening of his office for the practice of modern dentistry at 507 West 158th Street (East of Broadway) New York. Dr. Nies's wife is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter B. Peet.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

BY ALEXANDER L. PACH



ABOUT a year ago I had something to say in these columns of the play, "The Silent Voice," and now that I have seen it in pictures, I regret all the more not having seen that peer of any living interpreter, Otis Skinner, in the part. It will be remembered that it has to do with a musician losing his hearing, and acquiring lip-reading to an extent that is never mastered in real life.

In the film version, the noted Francis X. Bushman has Mr. Skinner's role, and the result is most ridiculous. Mr. Bushman in such romantic parts as the lead, in "The Second in Command," and similar roles "gets way with it" when it comes to heroic lovers, but was ludicrously miscast as the deaf musician. In the first place he lost all one's sympathy by the tenacity with which he clung to his sport shirt. It wasn't so bad when he was composing music with it on, but he wore it even traveling, and the most eccentric of eccentric geniuses would not commit such a breach of good taste. After he becomes deaf, he expresses his sorrow at his affliction by constantly rubbing his ears, as if they hurt him, where we all know that deafness involves no pain to those members.

When his deafness becomes evident, he goes to his library and takes out a book on lip-reading, by Dr. Nitchie, and the advertisement is certainly a good one for that gentleman. Almost merely by glancing at the covers he becomes an adept lip-reader, and so adept in fact, that he understands, even when the characters are not looking directly at him, and, by the same token, when he is not looking at their lips, so wonderful is lip-reading when merely a stage vehicle. I advise my readers, to see a similarly named film; which is in six parts, in an open air show, with a cold wind blowing, and when the sixth reel was put on I was the only spectator left in the park, but I wanted to see it all to the bitter end—and I did, to my sorrow, for rarely have I seen so badly acted, and poorly directed, and poorly photographed film drama. As an antidote to it, I advise my readers, to see a similarly named film, "The Stolen Voice," which also deals with deafness, but deals with it in a normal, sane and sensible manner never for a moment using bombastic bathos for pathos as does "The Silent Voice." But with an actor like Emmett Corrigan, or W. S. Hart, or Robert Edeson in the part that Mr. Bushman portrays in such a sickening manner, it might have been worth while at least.

The following is taken from an esteemed contemporary. The heading gave the impression that it was a budget of news, but that was a wrong impression:

"It is to be regretted that we have in mind a couple of mutes, whose lips for slander and feet for bearing tales, are a menace to the community in which they live."

Rather a puzzle isn't it? Of course all will share the regret that writer "has in mind." He ought to forget it, particularly when he gives alleged mutes the power of speech. Then comes the puzzle as to how the "feet bear tales." You may think it a misprint for bare feet, or bear tails but neither fit in.

When some writers rhapsodize and philosophize the results are deplorable.

But going further into the matter, it really isn't necessary to impute to the deaf any characteristics and shortcomings not common to all people. The average among the deaf is much smaller than among the hearing. As a rule the deaf are less prone to faults of this type than the

hearing. Friendships are firmer, last longer and have depth and breath.

There is no other class that stick by each other and stick up for each other as the deaf do. Of course they have their little differences just as all people do, but they avoid feuds and rarely go to extremes even where grievously hurt. No matter how loyal and loving hearing children of deaf parents are, the most touching and most loving homage I ever saw bestowed on deaf parents was by deaf children of deaf parents. They, more than any other have a bond that endears to the highest degree. I have witnessed expressions of sympathy extended to deaf parents who had deaf children and they smiled. They needed no sympathy. They felt that all the handicap of deafness was offset by the very depth of their children's devotion.

But such comment as quoted above only does harm when the writer might accomplish some good by talking to the people he has in mind instead of writing about them.

That notorious J. M. T. Davis has heard of the Impostor Bureau, for as will be seen by his begging appeal, he is still at his old tricks, for cards reading as follows, were recently sold by him on the Jersey Coast:

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

If any person who is a stranger to me thinks I am not what I represent to be have me arrested at once.

Your **ABILITY** to Hear and Speak is an **ADVANTAGE** over us; because of our **INABILITY** to Hear and Speak we are **DENIED** almost all the Trades and Official Positions.

The only **MEANS** of **SUPPORTING** Myself and five little children (my children are not deaf mutes) is in **SELLING** to my **FRIENDS** and the **PUBLIC** this **CARD** containing the

SINGLE AND DOUBLE-HAND ALPHABETS

(As used in the Institutions and Schools for Deaf Mutes)

for the Amusement and Convenience of those who wish to **SPEAK** with the **HAND** and **HEAR** with the **EYE**, The **HAND** performs the part of the **TONGUE**.

My Wife, MRS. ADA M. L. DAVIS, Deaf Mute, in case of my sickness or death, will sell this card for account of herself and children.

Very truly yours,

J. M. T. DAVIS, Deaf-Mute

Will you please buy this card?

PRICE, 5 or 10 CENTS
As You Like

The State of Georgia again makes a bid for unenviable fame, in its shameful treatment of one of the Teaching profession's grand old men. If there was any reason to "investigate" W. O. Connor, it might have been done in the proper manner, and that is by first investigating the people who made the charges against him. At the bottom, is another of those attempts to push the oral method, no matter what the cost, since the people who were behind the charges wanted the "lip-language" as they called it, not knowing that Prof. Connor begun oral work in the Georgia School in 1871, and all deaf pupils who could profit by it, were taught by oral methods. There were one or two graduates of Mr. Connor's school at Staunton last summer, and I marvelled at their proficiency in reading Mr. Connor's lips.

At one time or another many of our Superintendents have been needlessly humiliated by in-

vestigations, and rarely has there been the slightest justification. In some instances the people behind the charges were discharged employees; a drunken stableman, I recall was once able to bring about one of these insulting inquisitions, and at other times pupils who had been expelled brought about similar results, and the wonder of it is how they can find listeners willing to besmirch, or attempt to besmirch, men of unblemished and untarnished records.

If Wesley O. Connor, grand old soldier, grand old Superintendent, grand old friend of all the deaf, with his record of half a century in the work finds himself the victim of some one's spleen, hate, jealousy, one, both or all three, tell me please what one of the corps of educators that direct the destinies of our schools for the deaf is immune?

There's no blot on Wesley O. Connor's escutcheon. It will afford his legion of friends great gratification to read of his complete rout of his traducers, and while his friends will all rejoice at the outcome, they will also grieve that the grand old man was subjected to so needless and painful humiliation.

A new candidate for Convention aftermath honors is our old friend A. W. Wright, of Seattle. While I do not agree with him as to the effect of a Tildenless convention on Tilden's own stamping ground, I am glad to see Mr. Wright speak fearlessly of some of the features.

For a convention of the deaf there were too many hearing people billed for the opening event, and as usual most of them did not show up. As a general thing we do not need to stuff a program with the stereotyped hearing men's speeches. A welcome from a Mayor or Governor is *quantum sufficit*.

There is always a kindly disposed Superintendent on hand for the real help we need, and Superintendents Dobyns, Currier, Jones Argo, and others have given great help.

Our old friend O. Fishal Organ had his innings, just as he always has them, despite his knock-downs every three years. As a matter of fact the Journal has always been the official organ, and always will be while Edwin A. Hodgson directs its destinies. Without the Journal there would be no N. A. D. During the whole career of the N. A. D., its columns have been open to it, and space given freely, which if charged for at advertising rates would have cost the N. A. D., thousands of dollars.

Instead of wasting the precious time of convention delegates discussing "O. Fishal Organ," it should be made obligatory to subscribe for the Journal. As it is the only weekly paper in the whole land published for the deaf, every one broad minded enough to join the N. A. D. should be broad minded enough to subscribe for the Journal.

Mr. Howson's paper dealing with the future of the N. A. D. with a \$6000.00 salary for the President could well have been postponed for one hundred years when possibly conditions will be ripe for his plans. I doubt though that even the year 2015 will see anything approximating the conditions Mr. Howard outlines.

Now the Fraternal movement (N. F. S. D.) is as Potash would say, "something else again." At their conclave in Omaha they raised Secretary Gibson's pay from \$1200 to \$1400, and created the office of Assistant Secretary at \$1000 a year and fixed the President's salary at \$200.00 per year.

These are by no means fancy compensations. They represent services that require compensa-

tion commensurate with the responsibility and labor involved.

There are over 2000 members. There is a cash capital of over \$80,000 that requires judicious investment under proper safeguards. Nearly \$3000 a month comes in from the 50 divisions and sometimes as much as \$1000 a month is paid out in death, sick and accident benefits. The total pay roll for the care of the records, the work of keeping track of the accounts of 2000 men, the mass of correspondence involved and all means a tremendous amount of work. Secretary Gibson not only earns his \$1400, but he earned it for years when he was miserably underpaid. In fact much criticism was directed at the N. F. S. D., because all the work was centered on Mr. Gibson and it was argued that if he were incapacitated or if death took him away the N. F. S. D. would go to smash. As a matter of fact the records are kept on such a simple yet accurate principle that any good accountant could have straightened up had the contingency developed.

I do not believe there is another Fraternal organization existing that has 2000 members and \$80,000 capital both being constantly added to, and never diminished that is run at so low a cost per capita as the N. F. S. D.

The N. F. S. D. is richer than it would otherwise be, because of Gibson. He is a hard and indomitable worker. He knows insurance conditions in every state in the Union. He is one grand organizer, in fact as well as he is Grand Organizer in name. If a ruction develops anywhere and one must expect ructions in organizations, the Grand Secretary is Grand Pacifier. One may differ with Gibson's interpretation of a mooted point, but one will never differ with Gibson as he has the big open heart of a child.

The President's salary of \$200.00 a year was well bestowed—particularly on President Anderson. By day he tackles big financial problems for one of the biggest banking concerns in Indianapolis. In fact he is one of the President's right hand men in whose judgment much reliance is placed. This knowledge is particularly helpful in his suggestions as to where and how the N. F. S. D. funds shall be invested to assure safety and insure best interest rates.

Under Anderson the growth of the N. F. S. D. was phenomenal, and they say of him that he devotes very little time to recreation, giving all his leisure to boosting and booming the N. F. S. D., so in making his plebendre something over \$4.00 a week the N. F. S. D. profits handsomely.

The N. F. S. D. officials are a fine body of men, reflecting credit and honor not only on their organization but on all the Deaf. They are setting an example for the men who will follow them that is going to do a great deal in keeping up the *corps de esprit*.

In time to come I think there will be a great change in the method of holding triennial meetings and the method of revising the laws. I think in time to come every Division will express its majority opinion on every vital question and changes made affecting the welfare of the order by Division opinion rather than by a single member's. As it is now, a delegate does as he pleases, and in many instances wastes time by offering measures that simply obstruct and delay. Often a delegate betrays it is only his own interest, his own welfare and his own gain that he is promoting rather than the organization's or his Division's. A reading of the minutes of a convention confirms this.

All conventions should be arranged so that the opening comes Monday morning and the closing Saturday evening. Recently there has been too much stretching out by local committees who, living in their own home forget the

delegate who comes a long distance and has a long distance to return, who is almost always a working man to whom every day is precious.

Sometimes a convention is held at a cost, in cold hard cash, of \$1000 per hour—never is time more earnestly money—yet it is frivolled away by many whose love of the platform is so overwhelming they must intrude and prolong eternally. There isn't the slightest shadow of justification for over half that is vaporized.

I am a member of an organization that once had a President who ran it diplomatically rather than with any regard for either Cushing or Roberts. Anything silly or absurd he waved into thin air with a motion of his arm. He cut discussions when he thought enough had been said, and his judgment, take it by and large was almost infallible. He started with 18 members and built up—and though he isn't president any more the organization thrives and is solid as a rock and often the old timers sigh for another administration such as he gave us, which was founded on his principle of "Less talk, more work."

Good precept for all of us!

ALEX. L. PACH.

JENKINS MEMORIAL FUND COMMITTEE

George S. Porter, Chairman.

John Black

Charles Cascella

W. Atkinson

Mrs. M. Glynn

Bulletin No. 7

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Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stephenson.....	2.00
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Miss Catherine Smith.....	.50
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Through Mildred Henemier.....	2.35
Through Mr. Anthony Capelli	
Mr. Anthony Capelli.....	1.00
Mr. Albert V. Ballin.....	1.00
*Pledges.....	
Total to date.....	\$31.10

Every deaf person living in the State of New Jersey should have a certain amount of pride in the affairs of the State. The Jenkins Memorial Fund is a State affair but those who live outside of New Jersey who wish to help perpetuate the memory of the late Weston Jenkins, are also invited to contribute.

Now, my New Jersey friends, I want you to prove that you are not lacking State pride by sending in your contribution.

Members of the Committee are especially requested to make personal solicitations.

All contributions will be acknowledged in the Bulletins that follow.

GEORGE S. PORTER,
Custodian.

M. Overend, Wilson, of Queensland, Australia, in renewing his subscription, says in regard to "Unity Correspondence Club:" "The War has greatly interfered with the starting of the club, but I am going to make a try for it now, and trust my correspondents not to say things that may lead to confiscation of our budget by the censors."

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



ALICE LAURA TURECZEK
Daughter of George J. and Laura (Flaskamper)
Tureczek, St. Louis, Mo.



Edward Frank Miller (sitting) and Walter Joseph Miller (standing). Edward is the son of Edward Louis and Sarah (Fadem) Miller; Walter's parents are Ernest and Mary (Roseborough) Miller, all of St. Louis. The children are first cousins.

NEARLY KILLED IN A RUNAWAY

Mrs. George Berner, who lives near Hopewell, N. J., came very near being killed in a runaway accident which happened some time during the summer while out driving with her youngest child, a baby of about eight months old. The baby was unhurt, but Mrs. Berner sustained, besides numerous bruises a broken rib.

He-that has treasures of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his spacious mind.—Dr. Watts.

REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT OF WOMAN WHOSE METHODS WROUGHT WONDERS WITH HER OWN SON, BORN A MUTE



RS. LANGDON W. WILSON, explorer and head of the department of biology of the Philadelphia Normal School, is a candidate for the principalship of the Southern High School for girls, now in course of erection at Broad Street and Snyder Avenue.

Mrs. Wilson is the wife of Dr. William P. Wilson, curator of the Commercial Museums. There are many reasons why her candidacy has attracted unusual attention, the chief being that she is a woman. A faction of the Board of Education has been so presistent in its sex discrimination that suffragists and members of women's clubs have aligned themselves solidly in favor of Doctor (Mrs.) Wilson.

Her only son, David, was born a mute. Her mother's heart felt that the tremendous handicap should be removed, and her scientific mind believed that it could. Accordingly, the biologist abandoned for a while the study of worms and fishes to take up the study of the little human being who couldn't hear a lullaby and who never had the power to tell his parents how much he really cared for them.

David's mind was closely studied, for Mrs. Wilson is a psychologist as well. Instinct as well as observation convinced the scholar-mother that her son was a child of extraordinary mental calibre. The head of the Government School for Mutes in Vienna was brought to this country for a year to advise the father and mother on methods to be employed in making David a healthy, normal boy.

Difficulties Conquered.

His advice proved effective. Before the child had reached his ninth birthday he could not only speak as well as the average American youngster, but he had mastered French and German as well. He had completed a high school course in Latin, under the tutelage of the woman who also found time to supervise one of the most important



MRS. LANGDON W. WILSON,
Who Has Amazed Psychologists and Learned Savants.

departments in one of the largest normal schools in the country.

Experts in the training of the deaf and dumb proclaimed him a "wonder." Pedagogues pointed to the lad as an example of the efficacy of "intensive education." Laymen called him a "genius," but the mother knew better. She

understood him to be just a normal, natural boy who had overcome difficulties.

She decided later, however, that he was accomplishing too much, for Mrs. Wilson believes that "forward" children are as unfortunate as "backward" pupils. A tour of the world was planned, and mother and son, free of care and study, visited almost every civilized country.

When they returned to their home at 640 North 32d Street, David developed a love of the fine arts.

Knowledge of Astronomy.

His knowledge of astronomy so astounded Philadelphia scientists that he was permitted to use the Philadelphia Observatory at the Central High School, a privilege that had hitherto been granted only to professors and students of the institution. He mastered chemistry in the laboratory which he constructed himself at home.

At the age of 16 he passed the entrance examinations at Harvard University, in spite of the pleas of his parents that he should forget study and devote more of his time to play. He was indeed so young that his father refused to permit him to attend Harvard, despite his success in the examinations.

He spent the last year studying astronomy at the Flower Observatory, chemistry at home and art in the open air. He will enter Harvard next October at the age of 17 and be the youngest student there. The lad is healthy as a football star and is an expert swimmer.

David is more interested than his mother in her chances for election to the high school principalship. She now receives a salary of \$1800 at the Normal School and additional compensation as principal of the William Penn Evening High School. The fact that her husband also earns a large salary and that the candidate is a married woman is being used against her by those who are supporting men for the position.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Georgia Girl, Once Deaf and Dumb, To Write and Act

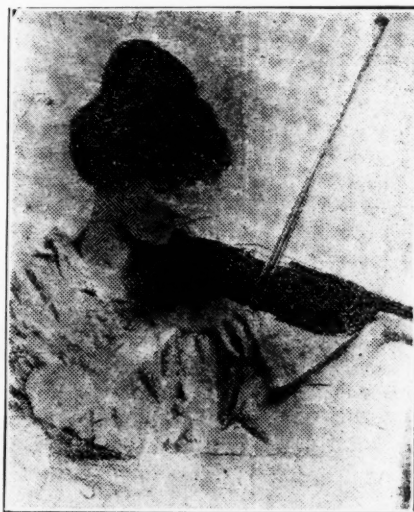


SAVANNAH, GA., Saturday.—Jane Britton, a pretty Georgia girl, stricken deaf and dumb when she was an infant, can now talk with all the melody and skill and inflection of other girls, can read and write as they do, can play the violin and the piano as an artist plays, can dance exquisitely to music that she cannot hear—and now she is about to be exploited in moving pictures.

Miss Britton has been commissioned to prepare a romantic play, the plot of which is to be centred around her affliction, and a moving picture concern which has become interested in the extraordinary talent exhibited by the girl has agreed to consider her eligibility for the principal role. This production will not only unfold an interesting story of love and tragedy, but it will present the lesson of how it is possible for deaf and dumb persons to overcome their difficulties by patience and perseverance.

The story of how this eighteen-year-old girl achieved language and throttled silence is not one of physicians, strange schools and theories, but is an account of the infinite patience of a determined mother who refused to accept the decree of fate that made her daughter a deaf-mute. Jane Britton was taught the English language not by hearing it but by seeing it. * * *

Mrs. Britton trained her daughter to talk merely by talking to her; sent her through the grammar schools and the high schools of Savannah. The mother spent day after day talking to her, making her watch facial expressions and the lips with riveted attention. By the time she was of school age Jane had so far progressed that she was not handicapped more than other children.



Miss Jane A. Britton, Who Has Learned to Talk, Sing and Dance by Visualization.

One day the little girl accompanied a friend to school. She was immediately smitten with a desire to attend regularly. The teacher, who did not realize that she was stone deaf, allowed her to remain. She was given a front seat in order that she might watch the teacher's face. There she learned rapidly. She had a mind unusually bright even for a girl who was not deaf, and it was not long before she stood high in her studies. Once the superintendent of schools,

mind and how so to present that matter as to conform to the law of mental development.

The cost per year for boarders, including board, washing, tuition, books, etc., is from \$164 to \$184.

The Model School

It is a thorough academic training school preparatory to college, business or drawing room.

The schools are well provided with apparatus for all kinds of work, laboratories, manual training room, gymnasium, etc.

The cost of day pupils is from \$28 to \$64 per year, according to grade, and \$224 to \$244 for boarders.

The Boarding Halls

The Boarding Halls are lighted by electricity, heated by steam, well ventilated, provided with baths and all modern conveniences. The sleeping rooms are nicely furnished and are very cosy.

For further particulars apply to the Principal.

J. M. GREEN

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of Opera and Drama for
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night's entertainment

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Only Roof Garden in New York
Playing Vaudeville

12--GREAT ACTS--12

Every Evening at 8.15

Prices 25 - 35 - 50

THE SPICE BOX

BY HARRY E. STEVENS.



October is the Summary Month, the month during which chickens are counted "after they are hatched."

WISDOM AND FACTS

Opportunity sleeps at no man's door.

Do not make the mistake of trying to forget your mistakes. Keep them in mind, study them, and use them as helps to success.

Do not look upon obstacles as misfortunes. It is the dam that makes the stream a water power.

Don't wait for luck or opportunity to overtake you—keep hustling.

Make your pennies count and the dollars will come.

Make your equal to your strength. They are both needed.

Make the most of your opportunities. They are too precious to be wasted.

Make men have confidence in your ability and your integrity.

Make your work so good that it will be valuable to any employer.

Make light of your disappointments and lighter of your successes.

They are to be used, not to be dwelt upon.

Make your work accurate. If the foundation is not solid the structure is not safe.

Don't push the other fellow down, boost yourself.

Life is something else besides just living.

Let each ending day find you wiser.

—The Mason Builder.

—*

Laugh, and others laugh with you,

Or laugh, and you laugh alone;

The first—when the joke is the others';

The second—when it's your own.

—*

I visited a spiritualistic medium the other day.

And did she tell you anything that was true?

Yes, one thing in particular—that I spent my money foolishly.—Laughter.

—*

"O, mother, why are the men in the front bald-headed?"

"They bought their tickets from scalpers, my child."

—Chicago Tribune.

—*

"Ah! I see you have a new cook, my dear."

"How do you know it?"

"I noticed the imprint of a strange thumb on my soup plate."—Browning's Magazine.

—*

"Harris' cow broke into our garden and ate all the grass off the lawn."

"What did he do about it?"

"Sent us a bill for using his cow as a lawn mower."

—Louisville Post.

—*

Mother (in a very low voice)—Tommy, your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something to cheer him up a bit?

Tommy (in an earnest voice)—Grandfather, would n't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?

—Silent Partner.

—*

"Did your wealthy old uncle leave many heirlooms?"

"Oh, yes. A new heir looms up almost every week."—Smart Set.

—*

A guest at a hotel had watched the fair, timid lady fill her pitcher at the water-tap.

"Madam," he said on the fifth night, "if you would ring, this would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady.

"The bell is beside your bed."

"That the bell!" she exclaimed. "Why, the boy told me that was the fire-alarm and that I wasn't to touch it on any account."—Patton's Monthly.

BUSY DAYS

"Where's the president of this railroad?" asked the man who called at the general offices.

"He's down in Washington, attendin' th' session o' some kind uv an investigatin' committee," replied the office boy.

"Where is the general manager?"

"He's appearin' before th' Interstate Commerce Commission."

"Well, where's the general superintendent?"

"He's at th' meetin' of th' legislature, fightin' some bum new law."

"Where is the head of the legal department?"

"He's in court, tryin' a suit."

"Then where is the general passenger agent?"

He's explainin' t' th' commercial travelers why we can't reduce th' fare."

"Where is the general freight agent?"

"He's gone out in th' country t' attend a meetin' o' th' grange an' tell th' farmers why we ain't got no freight-cars."

"Who's running the blame railroad, any way?"

"The newspapers and th' legislatures."—Pittsburg Press.

PROGRESSIVE PAPER IN A PROGRESSIVE TOWN

The SILENT WORKER is a progressive paper in a progressive town, and I take great pleasure in reading it.

PAUL REED TARBUTTON.

TRAPPE, MD.

The April issue of the *Buff and Blue*, an excellent college magazine conducted by the undergraduates of Gallaudet College, Washington D. C., was utilized as Alumni Number, commemorating the 1914 Golden Jubilee of the college. This school was represented at the celebration by Dr. J. R. Dobyns, who spoke on "The College's Influence Over the Schools for the Deaf," Miss Hattie Deem and Mrs. S. W. Harris, all of Jackson, and Mr. H. T. Wagner, of Water Valley.

The number contains the proceedings of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association, and is well worth a place in any library.—Mississippi Bulletin.



The New Home Sewing Machine Company,
ORANGE, MASS.
Sold at Goldberg's Department Store
Trenton, N. J.

The British Deaf Times

An illustrated monthly magazine -- newspaper for the Deaf. Edited by Joseph Hepworth.

LEADING ORGAN OF THE DEAF OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

Edited and controlled by the Deaf

Independent, Interesting, Outspoken, and Honestly Impartial

Twenty-four page monthly

Annual subscription—single copies (prepaid) 60 cents. Those who prefer to send a dollar bill will be credited with twenty months' subscription.

Send a picture post card for specimen copy.

The British Deaf Times,

25 Windsor Place, Cardiff, England

If you read our advertisements, we both profit.

If you fail to do so, we both lose.

There's but one course to pursue eh? you read that which we print, bring it with you, ever, and see how faithfully our printed news lives up to the gist of the matter, namely, the values in dry goods and housefurnishings that you will find in this store ever.

S. P. DUNHAM & Co.,
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Conservative 6 Per Cent Investment

Corporation Stocks and Bonds

Fluctuate in value and are subject to manipulation

Public Service Corporations

Are succumbing to Public Ownership with loss to the holders of their inflated securities

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Depend upon "The Man Behind the Gun."

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Are not subject to condemnation for public purposes. Are absolute in security irrespective of human frailty.

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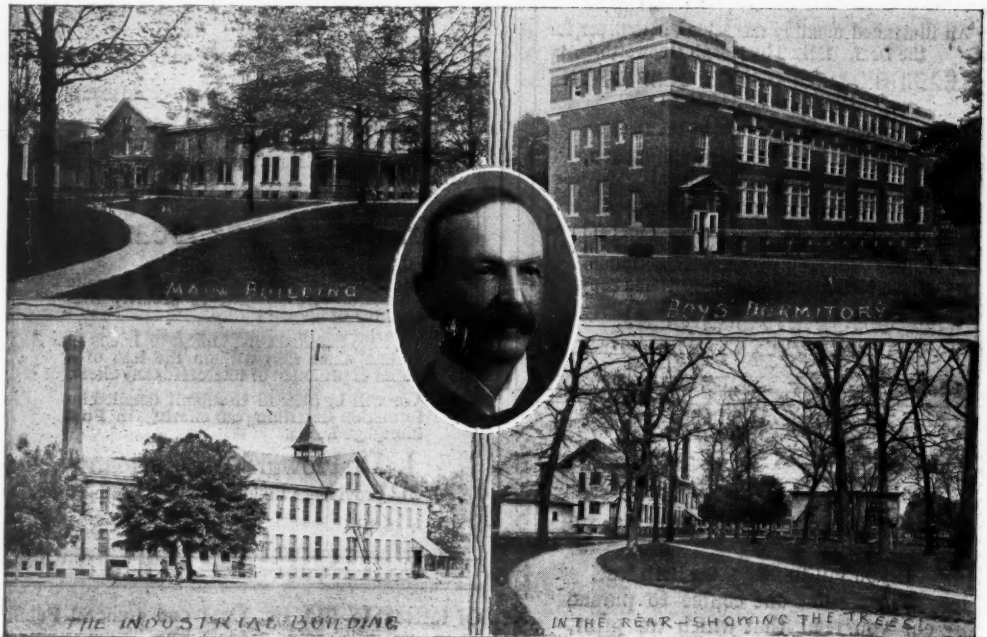
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